

Américas

**WHAT PROGRESS
TOWARD U. S.
RACIAL HARMONY?**

CROPS ON CREDIT
boost Costa Rican production

A Chilean visits
**THE TOWN THAT
CHOCOLATE BUILT**

La Pola,
Colombia's heroic
**GIRL OF THE
UNDERGROUND**

**ROUGHHOUSE
IN PANAMA**
The Indians call it sport

25 cents

*Nursery-school children in
Red Hook housing development
community center in Brooklyn.
New York City housing projects
are non-segregated (see page 3)*





Américas

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Dear Reader

Modern man sails perilously through a sea of statistics, and, like all sailors, is sometimes shipwrecked. If statistics were perfect, his course would be sure; but they are not. The trend of a young science is imperialistic: statisticians think they can measure everything, and have proved they can measure almost everything. Actually, however, even if statistics were an exact science, statisticians would make mistakes, as one writer said of all science. Each error produces such complications and perplexities that there is still a certain tendency in the world to use the old intuitive methods in governing nations and human affairs. Yet this is a lost cause, just like the battle waged by ancient "clinical eye" medicine against modern laboratory methods. Every day governments depend more on statistics. But they must have good ones, and these, unfortunately, are lacking in much of the world, especially in Latin America.

That is why the member countries of the OAS have for several years devoted particular attention and a special institute to improving statistical techniques and training experts. The principal task of the Inter-American Statistical Institute is not to turn out figures, but to improve existing methods, standardize procedures, and extend their uses to new fields.

With the creation of a Training Center in Economic and Financial Statistics, aimed at widening the knowledge of officials of governments, national banks, and so on, the OAS Technical Cooperation Program provided a means of furthering this effort. In January of this year the Center opened in Santiago, Chile. The Program offered travel and maintenance fellowships to one student from each Latin American country, and others were admitted who came at their own expense or were sponsored by their employers. All will go back to their positions in their own countries, and unquestionably the experience they acquire through contact with professors and students from other regions of the Hemisphere will make a notable contribution to their ability.

In statistics, more than in many other fields, international cooperation is indispensable. Figures collected and studied on a purely national basis serve little purpose if they cannot be adequately compared with those of other countries. Deductions drawn from them may meet a given local need, but will not do for measuring one country in relation to others. For example, it is well known that the most exact Latin American economic statistics are those for imports and exports, but so long as there is no internationally accepted classification of goods, they will always be subject to conspicuous errors in interpretation. For them to be a genuine guide for political, economic, and fiscal activities, there must be agreement between countries on procedures and sources of information. Otherwise statistics will be an ambiguous language that, precisely because of its appearance of exactness, can lead to serious consequences. The job of the Center in Santiago is to perfect this language so that it can be understood throughout the Hemisphere.


Secretary General

Opposite: Front and back view of Apotheosis of a Huastec Chieftain belonging to the Eagle Society of Warrior Priests. Mexican stone figure, circa 1450 A.D., from Brooklyn Museum Collection

CONTRIBUTORS



MERCER COOK of Howard University returned last July from a sabbatical year in France, where he studied on a Fulbright Fellowship. Under the sponsorship of the U.S. Information Service, he gave lectures in ten different cities, some of which took up the same question he answers in "What Progress Toward U.S. Racial Harmony?"—his third contribution to *AMERICAS*. A native Washingtonian, Dr. Cook got his B.A. at Amherst College and did his graduate work at Brown, the University of Paris, and the University of Havana. In 1943 he went to Haiti to supervise an English-Teaching Project for the U.S. Office of Education, and two years later accepted his present post as Professor of Romance Languages at Howard. His books include *Portraits Américains*, *Five French Negro Authors*, the *Haitian-American Anthology*, and *Education in Haiti*.



After graduating from the school of agriculture of the University of Costa Rica in 1937, ELÍAS SOLEY CARRASCO went to work for the National Bank as technical delegate to the Rural Agricultural Credit Board in Turrialba, one of the agencies whose work he describes in "Crops on Credit." He advanced in this service through various posts, and has been the Bank's Chief of Rural Boards since 1948. As such he supervises the program for increasing production through the granting of credit to poor farmers. The National Bank has sent him to various conferences and to help organize the National Development Bank of Honduras in 1950 and the Agriculture Division of Cuba's Agricultural and Industrial Development Bank in 1951.



"The Town that Chocolate Built" is the work of the newest addition to *AMERICAS'* editorial staff—LILLIAN L. DE TAGLE, from Chile. Because her father was in the diplomatic corps, Mrs. de Tagle had a highly cosmopolitan upbringing. Born in San Francisco, she was completely bilingual by the time the family went back to Chile when she was six. Later, while her father served in a succession of European posts, she attended schools in Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland. She made her debut in the field of journalism as a writer and translator for the newspaper *La Hora*. Later she became a staff member of the weekly *Ercilla*, and then worked for the Zig-Zag publishing house in Santiago, translating French, German, and English books into Spanish. Before coming to Washington she chalked up three more years' translating experience at the government-subsidized Bacteriological Institute.



It would be hard to find anyone better equipped to tell us about the "Dancing Gauchos" than LUIZ CARLOS LESSA. He has traveled through every corner of gaucha territory in the south of his native Brazil and in neighboring Argentina, Paraguay, and Uruguay, studying the music, art, and customs of these colorful South American cowboys. Several years ago he won a prize in the São Paulo Folklore Monographs Contest for his two-hundred-page paper on *chimarrão* or *mate*, the gauchos' favorite drink. He is a member of Brazil's National Folklore Committee (which is affiliated with UNESCO) and heads the music section of the Gaucha Traditions Center in Porto Alegre. Also a trained journalist, he is on the editorial staff of the Porto Alegre *Diário de Notícias*.



EVELYN MOORE, author of "Girl of the Underground," began collecting data on the Colombian heroine known as "La Pola" back in 1928 while her husband supervised construction of a water-purification plant in Cali, Colombia, and her interest was reawakened when they made a return trip to Colombia in 1950. Meantime, Mrs. Moore had been making a name for herself as a writer, first on the Spanish-English newspaper *The Panama American* of Panama City, and then as managing editor of *El Farmacéutico* (a McGraw-Hill publication) and woman's editor of the Panama City *Nation*. Her column, signed with the pseudonym "Mary Juana," has appeared in the *Nation* and the weekly *Panama Mirror*. She has also published *Sancocho*—a collection of Panamanian short stories translated into English.

"Goitia Paints for His People" comes from the pen of MARGARITA NELKEN, a Spanish refugee who has been living in Mexico since 1939. Mrs. Nelken began writing at the age of fifteen, publishing her first articles (on Goya and El Greco) in *The Studio* of London and *Le Mercure de France* of Paris. Later she wrote regularly for all the major art reviews of Europe, served on the editorial staffs of various Spanish newspapers and magazines, and sent weekly or monthly contributions to publications in South America. For twenty years she was in charge of courses at Spain's Museo del Prado, and until the time of the Spanish Revolution she served on the board of directors of the Museo de Arte Moderno in Madrid. An active feminist as well, Mrs. Nelken was a deputy to the Cortes in the three legislatures of the Republic and has published several books on women and their rights. At present she is art critic of the newspaper *Excelsior* and the weekly *Hoy*, both of Mexico City. Her tremendous output of books and articles will soon be swelled by two volumes now in press: *Historia Gráfica del Arte Occidental* (Graphic History of Western Art) and *Pintores de México* (Mexican Painters).

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides *AMERICAS*, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; and the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines all over the Hemisphere.

what progress toward U.S.



As in many U.S. schools, Negroes and whites in York, Pa., mix readily, free of prejudice

racial harmony?

Mercer Cook

A YEAR AGO IN PARIS Ralph Bunche told an audience of French colonials that the progress made by the U.S. Negro in the past twenty years had been unequaled by any other minority group in a similar period of time. The observation is all the more significant because this distinguished Negro statesman is not given to rash utterances or to wishful thinking. Far too clear-sighted and realistic to suggest that the Negro's struggle against prejudice, segregation, and injustice has been won, Dr. Bunche would be the first to admit that his fifteen million congeners do not yet enjoy first-class citizenship. Despite his own privileged position as head of the UN Trusteeship Division, he has not hesitated to denounce racist abuses publicly; in 1949, for example, he refused the post of Assistant Secretary of State partly because of race discrimination in the nation's capital. Nevertheless, as a social scientist he appreciates the importance of perspective in studying the difficult, often contradictory, and sometimes inflammable problem of Negro-white relationships.

Viewed against the background of twenty years ago, interracial relations in the United States today reflect unmistakable progress. Consider Washington, D.C.,

which happens to be my birthplace. In 1932 all elementary and secondary schools in the city—public and parochial—were segregated. Today all the Catholic schools admit Negro students, and the expensive dual system of public education is under almost constant attack. The report of President Truman's committee on civil rights recommended, among other things, the abandonment of the dual school system. According to a recent newspaper release, the superintendent of public schools has been studying the methods employed by various cities, such as Indianapolis, Indiana, to change over from segregated to integrated public schools. In recent years all but one of the major local colleges and universities have dropped or eased their color bars. It should be noted in passing, however, that since its founding in 1867, Howard University has always admitted white and Negro students.

Two decades ago segregation and discrimination were solidly entrenched in most branches of the government, the largest single employer in the country. Negroes were used almost exclusively in menial capacities: as laborers, messengers, printer's helpers, or at best as clerks. Applicants for government positions had to submit photo-

graphs—a requirement that, coupled with the rule allowing administrative personnel to select any one of three leading candidates for a given job, often eliminated the Negro. This rule still applies, but the photograph is no longer required. Discrimination and segregation are now on the defensive, and the status of the Negro government worker has improved during and since World War II. In May 1951, at a conference on "The Integration of the Negro in American Society," held at Howard University, William C. Bradbury declared that "whereas only 10 per cent of all Negroes had been above the messenger-driver-caretaker level in 1938, 60 per cent of them held higher classifications by March 1944," and that thousands of colored workers had for the first time been accepted in clerical, supervisory, and even some modest professional jobs. In a number of government departments—State, Labor, Commerce, Interior, Defense—and specialized agencies, some Negroes are holding down responsible positions that fifteen years ago would

three of the so-called "art" movie houses downtown now admit colored patrons. Moreover, on several occasions, the DAR has permitted Negro artists to perform in Constitution Hall.

Twenty years ago the Union Station restaurant was the only downtown eating establishment that served Negroes. Not one of the leading hotels would have accepted a guest of discernible Negro ancestry. Colored interns could practice only in Freedmen's Hospital (affiliated with Howard University). Churches reflected the segregated pattern of the community: even Catholic churches had special seating arrangements for Negroes. Because of restrictive covenants, Negroes were prevented from buying homes in desirable locations.

Today a more enlightened civic, social, and Christian consciousness, together with effective action by such interracial groups as the Catholic Interracial Council and the Coordinating Committee for the Enforcement of the D.C. Anti-Discrimination Laws, is gradually reversing



Thurgood Marshall, special counsel of National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, speaks at Washington, D.C., meeting on interracial education. Woman in second row center is Mary Church Terrell, now in her nineties, who led fight against segregated restaurants

have been considered "white jobs." In private industry little appreciable progress has been made locally: department stores continue to hire Negroes as menials only, and it is still impossible for a colored man to become a motorman on a Washington streetcar. These are anomalies that time—and perhaps a strong FEPC—will correct.

Twenty years ago every theater in downtown Washington either segregated Negroes or excluded them outright. In 1939 Constitution Hall refused to allow Marian Anderson to sing from its stage, whereupon the great contralto transferred her concert to the Lincoln Memorial, to the delight of some seventy-five thousand listeners. Today Negroes are admitted without discrimination to local legitimate theaters, thanks primarily to an effective boycott by the nation's leading actors and actresses;

the trend. A score of restaurants in downtown Washington, including those in various department stores, now serve colored customers. A law suit now pending will test the legality of excluding Negroes from any public restaurant. Several of the large hotels have admitted colored guests. For the past three years Gallinger Hospital has accepted a number of Negro interns—thirteen this year. For the first time in its history, the Medical Society of the District of Columbia has admitted Negro physicians to membership. Negroes can sit wherever they wish in any local Catholic church; they are attending and are being encouraged to attend in larger numbers several so-called "white" churches of other sects, and in 1951 a Negro was named one of the canons of the Episcopal cathedral. Since 1948, when the U.S. Supreme



Trend is toward integration in author's home town, the nation's capital: chess tournament between students of Howard and Georgetown Universities. Contest ended in a tie

Court decided unanimously that neither state nor federal courts could enforce restrictive covenants, some colored families have been buying homes in neighborhoods previously closed to them. This, however, is a slow process that in many instances merely extends the limits of the Negro sections, since white residents often move as soon as one Negro family purchases a home in their vicinity. Obviously, it is impossible to remedy within a few months all the damage caused by years of restrictive covenants. Nevertheless, the important fact is that conditions generally are more favorable than when I was a boy in this city. And recent pronouncements by the new President indicate that further steps in the direction of a more democratic Washington can be expected.

On the national level as well, significant advances have lately been made in the field of race relations. Perhaps the most dramatic has occurred in the armed forces. As a loyal American, the Negro has served his country in all the wars it has fought, though he has traditionally done so in separate units. Recently, in the interests of democracy, efficiency, and morale, this concept has been challenged, and on July 26, 1948, President Truman issued an executive order calling for "equality of treatment and opportunity for all persons in the armed services without regard to race, color, religion, or national origin," to take effect as rapidly as possible. The same order established a seven-man advisory committee, the President's Committee on Equality of Treatment and Opportunity.

What happened was reported in May 1951 by E. W. Kenworthy, who had served as executive secretary of this committee, in the *Annals of the American Society*. Virtually all Negro units had been eliminated from the air force, and, he added:

Negroes are found in the whole range of Air Force MOS (Military Operations Specialty)—mechanics, weather men, radar mechanics, and pilots, as well as those with lesser skills. They sleep in the same barracks, eat in the

same messes, drink at the same clubs, and swim in the same pools as the white airmen. And the Air Force did all this with a Negro strength varying from 7 to 12 per cent. In some of the most advanced technical schools—for example, the radar school in Biloxi, Mississippi—Negroes have comprised at times 5 to 7 per cent of enrollment.

This democratization of the air force becomes doubly noteworthy when one recalls that William Hastie, now a federal judge and formerly governor of the Virgin Islands, in 1944 resigned his post as civilian aide to the Secretary of War because he had been unable to dent



Three leaders in drive to end discrimination: Walter White, NAACP executive secretary; Mordecai Johnson, Howard University president; and Lester B. Granger, executive director, National Urban League

segregation in that branch of the service. His story is told in his pamphlet *On Clipped Wings*, published by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Similar changes have occurred in the navy. A regulation dated June 23, 1949, ordered that "no special or unusual provisions" be made for accommodating "any minority race." Marine corps officials state that there is no segregation of any kind in its units. With such changes, Kenworthy has remarked, "motivated largely by the desire to improve efficiency. . . , the Navy and Air Force have at once improved the services, brought equality of opportunity to the Negro sailor and airman, given to white men and officers an entirely new conception of the Negro as an individual, and proved to them that democracy . . . can, and should, embrace all mankind."

Integration in the army has necessarily been slower, primarily because of the large number of men and units affected. However, on July 26, 1951, the Pentagon announced that since combat experience in Korea had demonstrated that "Negro soldiers serve more efficiently in integrated units," the last all-Negro regiment was being disbanded and segregation throughout the Far East would end in six months. During the spring of 1952, it was reported that orders had been issued to

(Continued on page 41)



Typical countryside near Turrialba, Costa Rica, where credit program is improving farm methods

crops on credit

**Costa Rica boosts production
through loans to small farmers**

Elías Soley Carrasco

THE ECONOMY OF COSTA RICA, a little country of some 340,000 inhabitants in an area of 19,690 square miles, is based on agriculture, and much of the nation's work is done by small, more or less independent farmers. Whether they can improve their social and economic position depends largely on their opportunities for financing production on a scale big enough to take full advantage of their working ability. Until a few years ago, they depended almost entirely on the wholesalers in the farming areas, and the funds they lent did not

meet the need. To assure higher production and rising living standards, the National Bank of Costa Rica decided to tackle the problem itself, and in 1937 created a network of Rural Agricultural Credit Boards. Let's hear what four citizens of the country have to say about the new system.

Fulgencio Salazar Chaves began to deal with the Board at Puriscal soon after it opened for business, when he owned nothing but his machete and worked as a hired hand because he was so poor no one would lend him money to get a start for himself. "I am independent of any boss now," he reports, "and ask assistance only from the Board, from which I got my first loan of 150 colones [the colón is now equivalent to about 18 cents at the official rate] in 1937. I now own a small farm valued at four thousand colones, three cows, and two calves. With the Board's help, I have managed to improve my position year by year, building up my credit until now I can borrow up to fifteen hundred colones."

Emilio Alvarez Castrillo says he approached the Esparta Board because he needed low-interest financing. Before, he had been borrowing from private lenders, who charged him rates up to 5 per cent a month. "No matter how hard I worked," he recalls, "I always just managed to break even. When I got my first five-hundred-colón loan from the Board ten years ago, I had a little house worth three thousand colones and one pair of oxen. I have continued to draw on the Board each year; I bought one farm and then another. I have been getting along fine with the money the Board lent me. My farms now net ten thousand a year. Thanks to the Board, I bought real estate worth a hundred thousand colones and ninety-nine head of cattle valued at twenty thousand. Now I have a ten-thousand-colón loan from the Board for buying calves, another thirty-two hundred for raising crops, and another thousand for buying cows. My wife and I hope our children will stay on the farm. If the Board had not helped us, we would not have anything."

Alfredo Obando Segura was a shoemaker when he moved to the Esparta area twenty-five years ago. "A brother of mine," he explains, "bought a rice-shelling machine and gave it to me to operate on shares. Later I decided to buy up my brother's interest in it, and ten years ago the Board lent me two thousand colones for this purpose. At that time, my capital amounted to seven thousand colones. Now I am worth forty thousand. I use my profits to enlarge the business year by year. I now have a long-term loan from the Board, which I used to buy the property where the machine is set up. It is a very good Board, for the members are responsible and conscientious people. I hope to build a rice-drying plant, because a great deal of rice is raised in this area. I need more paved yard and warehouse space, and I'll probably ask the Board to finance those improvements too."

Edgar Castro, who came to the region as a child with his parents, reports: "About five years ago I got my first loan from the Board, five hundred colones for farming. I have continued to deal with it every year until now I have loans totaling five thousand colones



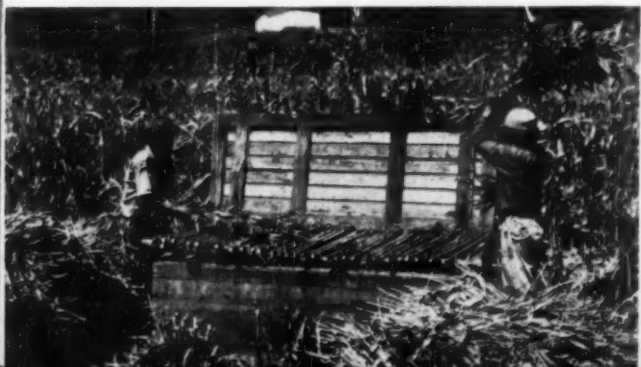
Headquarters of the San Carlos Agricultural Credit Board, one of chain set up by the National Bank of Costa Rica



This farmer does his business with the Rural Agricultural Credit Board at Palmares



Bank officials check on progress of Board-financed coffee planting with farmer Leonel Fallas Diaz (center)



for farming and for buying cattle and land. When I first went to the Board, I had only fourteen head of cattle, which I kept on rented pasture because I had no farm of my own. Now I have land worth eleven thousand colones and thirty-four head of part-zebu cattle [developed for their resistance to tropical conditions] worth ninety-six hundred. If the Board hadn't lent me the money to buy the farm I would never have been a land-owner, and I don't see how we farmers could get ahead without its help. It's a pleasure to have the bank's delegate visit me, and I believe my work is a lot more efficient because of his advice. I'm thinking of growing more feed and buying another little piece of land if the Board helps me."

These typical statements by clients of the Rural Agricultural Credit Boards are eloquent testimony to their success in helping a growing number of Costa Rican farmers to help themselves and increase national production. Since 1937 the system has expanded until now there are thirty-eight Boards covering practically all the country's territory, each serving its own local district.

The present-day Credit Boards had their origin in similar agencies of the first national bank, known as the International Bank of Costa Rica, which was created in 1914 by President Alfredo González Flores. Limited lending power sharply restricted those first boards' operations, but they were very important later in planning the new setup. The National Bank replaced the International Bank in 1937, and its first general manager, the late Julio Peña Morúa, was largely responsible for the organization of the new rural credit services as well as of the bank as a whole. Agricultural Engineer Alfredo E. Hernández Volio, now Minister of Finance, collaborated on the plans and was named to supervise the Credit Boards. Operating on a much bigger scale than the old ones did, the new Boards are maintained and supervised by the National Bank, which is an autonomous government agency run by a board of directors named by the country's president and subject to the same banking laws as private banks.

Each Board is composed of five residents of its assigned geographical zone, named by the directors of the bank. These men are responsible for studying and deciding on the farmers' loan applications. They, of course, have the advantage of intimate knowledge of their neighbors' needs, working habits, and aspirations. The bank also names a local resident—an agricultural engineer—as its delegate to each Board, and supplies the necessary office and field workers, all bank employees. As an executive officer, the delegate attends the Board's meetings and participates in its discussions, but without the right to vote. It is his job to steer the Board's operations in line with the credit policies established by the bank and to supervise what the farmers do with the money lent them.

Four different classes of loans are made, all intended to help small or medium-scale farmers: provision or crop loans, general financing, cattle loans, and rural development loans.

Many Costa Rican farmers still use primitive techniques like this way of threshing adlay, an Asiatic food grain



The delegate of the Esparta Rural Board and an inspector from the National Bank check Emilio Alvarez' rice crop



One of the zebu bulis purchased by small farmers with Board aid for breeding more resistant cattle



Large leaves are used for wrapping the roots of coffee seedlings when it is time to transplant them from the nursery



The time allowed for repayment varies. Provision or crop loans, to enable farmers to buy seeds and fertilizer and meet other normal annual expenses of cultivation or cattle raising, must be paid off in a lump sum within a year, on a date set according to the local crop and marketing cycle.

General financing loans are granted for the purchase of movable equipment or for real-estate improvements. For buying a cart, sprayer, or plow, for example, a three-year loan may be allowed, and the borrower may have up to five years to pay back money used for seeding new pastures, constructing irrigation canals, reconditioning buildings, soil-conservation work, converting range land to cultivated fields, and the like. On these loans, repayment is by annual installment at the time when the farmer's main crops pay off.

Cattle loans for acquiring breeding stock of dairy or meat animals may range in term up to eight years, while credits for buying calves to be raised for meat run three or four years, depending on the age of the animals. Loans for getting full-grown cattle for fattening must be paid off in eighteen months.

Rural-development credits go for such major undertakings as buying a farm, building or enlarging a house, paying off a mortgage on a home, farm improvements that will pay for themselves over a long term, payments to settle an estate, title costs, architect's fees, and so on. They are granted for periods of ten to fifteen and a half years, with quarterly or yearly payments.

But whatever the term of the loan, and whatever kind of guarantee is put up—personal, movable property, or real-estate mortgage—the interest charge is a standard 6 per cent a year, with no appraisal or guarantee fees, stamps, or notary's charges to be paid by the borrower. In practice, a simple personal guarantee is the most frequent sort.

The diversity of types of credit, the flexibility of repayment scheduling, and the moderate cost place the low-income farmer in a good position to expand his operations without assuming a troublesome debt burden. By becoming a customer of his Rural Credit Board he gets the benefit of expert agricultural advice given him in cooperation with other specialized agencies, and valuable training in the planning and management of his business affairs.

Since about 40 per cent of their clients rent the land they cultivate, the Boards have taken a special interest in their problem: most of the rural-development funds are allotted to establishing new owners and thus settling in the rural zones farmers who might otherwise drift to the cities. In the last five years, loans for this purpose alone, to 3,779 farmers, have totaled nearly eight million colones. To promote further progress in this direction, the bank is studying a plan under which it would buy and divide farms, offering on convenient terms parcels of appropriate size, planned, prepared, and equipped for operation as family farms.

Another borrower, Mrs. Francisca Villalobos Segura, who deals with the Belén Board, can tell what this part

(Continued on page 30)

Credit Board agronomists advise borrowers on irrigation and soil-conservation projects to improve their land

goitia

paints for his people

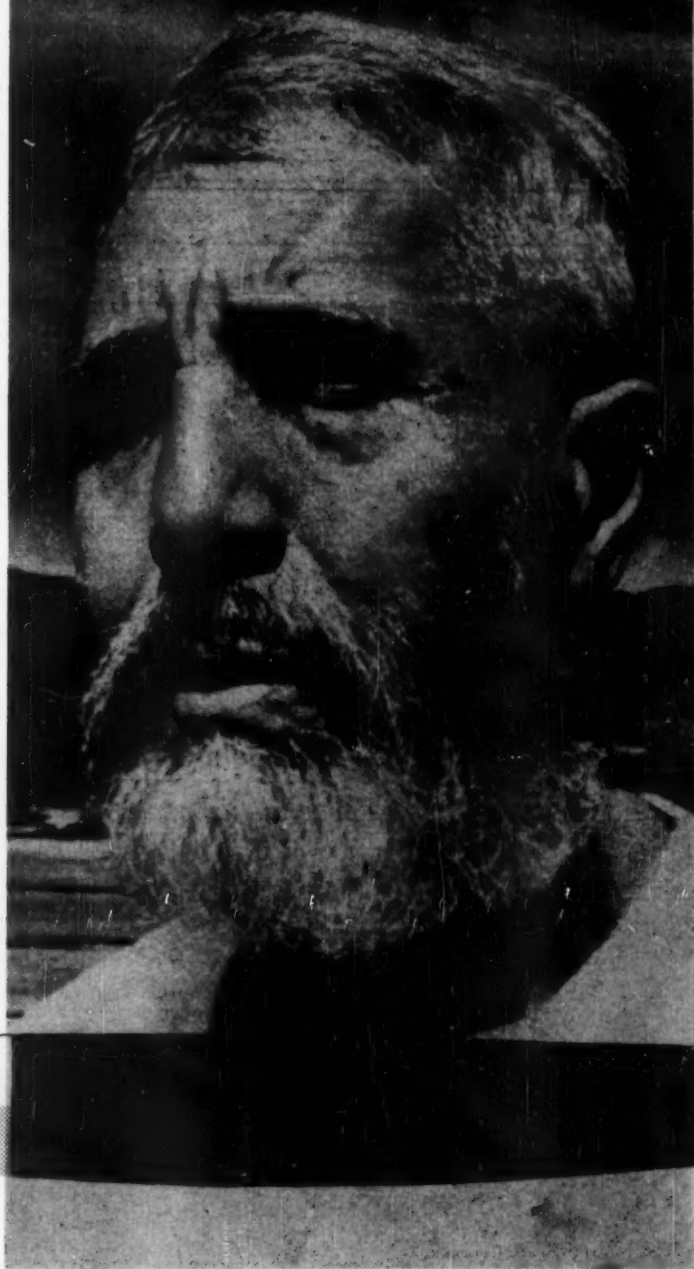
Margarita Nelken

HERE IS an artist considered great by everyone who has anything to do with art, and regarded as one of the finest representatives of the contemporary Mexican school of painting by all who have studied it; nevertheless, compared to the majority of his colleagues, he is virtually unknown both at home and abroad.

The reason is that Francisco Goitia's austerity, in his life and in his work, has always kept him apart not only from official praise and its attendant benefits but also—and I might almost say especially—from all that is generally understood by the "artistic life." This is one

of the most extraordinary cases of voluntary seclusion, of deliberate solitude, in the history of art. In order to understand his work, therefore, we must examine his career and the accompanying circumstances, if only briefly.

Francisco Goitia was born in Fresnillo, in the northwestern state of Zacatecas, in 1882. This is chiefly a mining region. When the first Spaniards came, a primitive kind of agriculture occupied the Zacatecans, a compact and very poor people. The chronicles of the era relate that on taking possession in the name of the



King of Spain, the first conquistador himself ridiculed the value of his lord's latest acquisition. But when Don Juan de Tolosa managed to ingratiate himself with the Indians and they, as a sign of friendship, pointed out the places rich in minerals, the general sentiment concerning what was to become one of the wealthiest regions of New Spain underwent a radical change. This opulence has modified the Indians' standard of living little, if at all, over the centuries. During the colonial period the prosperity of Zacatecas was one of the ornaments of the Spanish Crown; the misery of its native population was another story.

Could a sense of intolerable injustice have been responsible for the inhabitants' enthusiastic participation in the struggle for independence? Was it simply an ancestral leaning toward rebellion? Certainly Zacatecas is associated with some of the most glorious pages in the history of Mexico: it set up a revolutionary government the moment word came of the uprising against Spain, and half a century later it was the scene of Benito Juárez' government that won back independence from the French. And certainly this atmosphere—one of energy and of resignation to adversity at the same time—must have had a decisive influence on the attitude taken by Francisco Goitia, a pure-blooded Indian, toward his art and toward life in general.

When he was barely adolescent, a government scholarship took him to the capital, where he entered the San Carlos Academy of Fine Arts. It is widely believed that Goitia is self-taught, or that all his training was received exclusively from Mexico and in Mexico. The truth is quite different, yet it does not detract at all from Goitia's intrinsic merit and makes his entrance into the world of art no less dramatic.

Goitia's apprenticeship at the Academy was a rigorous one. He was not satisfied simply to learn drawing, the indispensable basis of future freedom; he also applied himself to the technique—or, better, the techniques—of engraving. This was the best possible discipline for his inspiration. Most of his early work, until he was about twenty, was as an etcher, not a painter. He himself has never been able to say which field it was that took him to Europe for further study.

The year 1904 found him traveling in Italy. He studied devotedly and minutely the techniques employed by the fifteenth- and sixteenth-century masters and the great fresco painters of the Renaissance, whose works present themselves to the spectator of today in unfading freshness. After Italy, Spain. This was obligatory in those days for every Latin American youth who wanted to round out his culture. Artists, poets and novelists, as well as those who simply aspired to a flashy post in

Tata Jesucristo, masterpiece of Mexican painter Francisco Goitia, depicts Indian wake

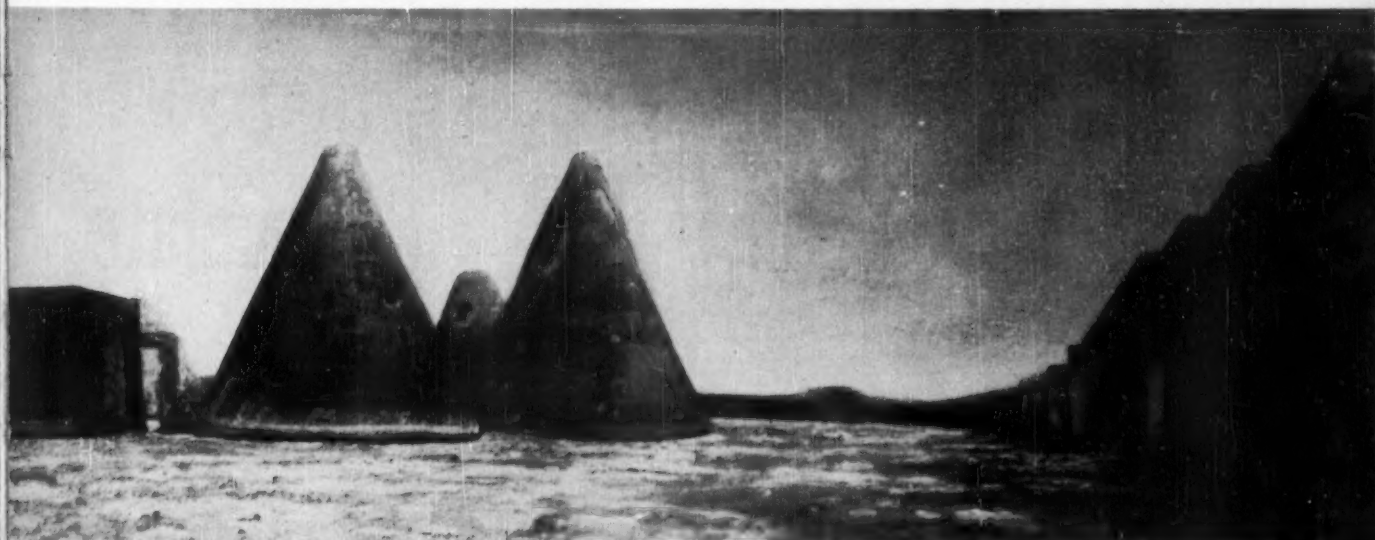


public life, did not consider themselves fully prepared unless they had taken courses at some university in the "mother country," or spent a certain amount of time in the moderately bohemian, but always stimulating, artistic or literary circles of Madrid or Barcelona.

Goitia set himself up in Barcelona, about the same time that the artist Dr. Atl and the elder Carlos Lazo,

way of thinking and feeling. He had contrasted his emotions as an artist, as a creator of forms, with those that inspired painters of other latitudes. Instead of letting himself be dragged, like so many others, by currents fundamentally strange to him, he had broadened and deepened his understanding of his own land.

There was no stability in the Mexico of 1912. The



Landscape of Santa Mónica, in Goitia's native state of Zacatecas

later to become a leading architect, were making their Spanish tours. He entered the studio of Francisco Gali, at that time a very famous painter, but soon to disappear from European art leaving almost no trace. Still, this period trained the young Mexican, anxious to learn all he could, to insist on sureness of drawing and taught him color-mixing formulas that later enabled him to paint what he chose with absolute freedom.

Before leaving Barcelona, he held an exhibition that enjoyed much greater success among both critics and public than the usual debut. In fact, several of his works were acquired by the museum there.

Meanwhile, the Mexican scene had undergone violent change—politically, socially, and, in consequence, artistically. In 1910 revolution had broken out, ending the long dictatorship of Porfirio Díaz. During the Díaz era, all branches of art, like the fashions and customs of high society, were a reflection partly of Spain, partly of France. The native element did not exist, or existed only as a labor force. The first great gift of the Revolution was that it attracted attention to the tremendous, and for centuries overlooked, wealth of Indian culture. Art, it is hardly necessary to add, was to benefit supremely from this new trend.

Francisco Goitia returned to Mexico in 1912. He had been away eight long years. Away in body, but not in spirit. On the contrary, his prolonged absence had bound him more closely to his country—had made him more conscious, among people of different backgrounds and different ways of thinking and feeling, of his own

Revolution had put a period to the Díaz dictatorship, but it had not yet run its course; every artist regarded himself as first of all a revolutionary, called upon to fight for his country's future. Goitia could not shirk this duty, and as soon as he landed, laying aside for the moment his aspirations as an artist, he joined the troops of General Angeles, operating in northern Mexico.

No revolution ever follows a smooth course. After having fought in favor of "constitutionalism," General Angeles broke with its defenders. Defeated, he was taken prisoner, and fell before the bullets of those who a short time before had been his comrades in arms.

What impression did the shooting of his chief make on the sensitive artist's soul of Francisco Goitia? He has never said, and we cannot safely guess. All we do know is that his art turned for good and all to what he himself has defined as "the sorrow of the race through its past and present sufferings." This sorrow, his people's repressed plaint of anguish and misery through countless centuries, and his feeling of union with them, were the burden of all his future inspiration.

Europe was very far away now. The effects of long contemplation of the Florentine and Vatican masters, of hours in Francisco Gali's Barcelona studio, were to be noted only in the technical aspect of his works. Their spirit and power—in sum, their individuality—Goitia took from his own land, and above all from his own race.

Until his return to Mexico, he was more an experimenter than a true creator. His years as an etcher and

(Continued on page 44)

HERSHEY'S HERSHEY'S HERSHEY'S HERSHEY'S

the town that chocolate built

Lillian L. de Tagle

EVER SINCE I ARRIVED in the United States I had seen the name Hershey on drugstore candy counters everywhere. It never occurred to me to think that behind this name, which I put down as just one more trade mark, was an unusually humane enterprise. When I learned that this was the case, I set out to see for myself.

The bus that took me to Hershey, Pennsylvania, cut its way for four hours through the miracle of an exuberant autumn, with none of the traditional melancholy associated with that season in other countries. The wind was snatching the multicolored leaves and filling the air with dancing splashes of orange, gray, yellow, and red, set off against the solemn backdrop of the pines.

A little more than fifty years ago, Milton S. Hershey must have looked upon a similar scene as he traveled back to settle in the place where he was born in 1857—Derry Township, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania—after a business career in Philadelphia, New York, and Lancaster that included several failures and one booming success. He had just sold his caramel company for a million dollars, and at the age of forty-five he had to decide whether to live peacefully on the proceeds or to undertake a new enterprise. A man of action, Hershey did not hesitate for long; he decided to carry out a plan brewing ever since he saw a new German machine for making chocolate bars at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. He had bought it soon after the fair closed, and held onto it when he sold his business in Lancaster. When he began making plans to establish a factory in Derry Township his friends asked how he expected to make any money so far from a big city. "I'm not starting this business to make money," answered Hershey, "I have all I need. I simply want to benefit other people with the fortune that has been entrusted to me."

Concrete proof of his success is the town of Hershey,

a community of five thousand, which is almost entirely a product of the tenacity, ability, vision, and hard work of this extraordinary man. After installing the factory in this seemingly unlikely spot, Hershey began to build around it a town where his employees could live comfortably and happily. He maneuvered for a railroad station and a post office, and as the community grew he endowed it with a public school for two thousand pupils and an amusement park that compares favorably with those in any of the large cities. Besides the usual swings, seesaws, rides, and stalls for target shooting,



Below the hotel terrace spreads Hershey, home of the biggest candy factory in the world



Townpeople hold social affairs in ballroom of Community Building, livelier than ever this year with fiftieth-anniversary celebrations

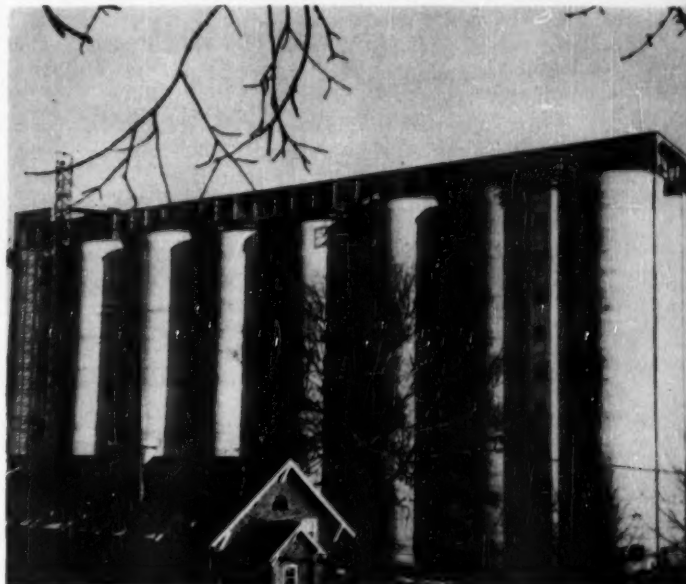
it has a swimming pool irregularly shaped to resemble a lake and a huge roller coaster with a precipitous dip that looks to the frightened riders as though it ended in a brook.

Hershey also gave the town a community building with a luxurious theater accommodating two thousand people, where the best Broadway shows are presented with their original casts. Among those who have performed on this stage (which is equipped with seven electric hoists to facilitate scene changing) are Edna Best, David Niven, and Joan Bennett. *Oklahoma* was presented there three times, and this year *South Pacific* may be brought to Hershey as part of the festivities honoring the factory's fiftieth anniversary. The community building also has a swimming pool, a gymnasium, a fifteen-thousand-volume library, a bowling alley, billiard and ping-pong tables, a cafeteria, a banquet room, and a dance hall. A junior college occupies the second floor, and on the third are low-rent rooms for employees of the factory.

The town is also indebted to Hershey for a sports

arena seating ten thousand spectators, where school and professional contests are held during the winter; an open-air stadium with a capacity of fifteen thousand; four golf courses; a zoo; and a museum that contains a valuable collection of Pennsylvania Dutch crafts—chinaware; earthenware; items of pewter, tin, and copper; unique watches and music boxes; distaffs and textiles. An exhibit of the Stiegel glassware so highly prized by lovers of Americana has been compared to the famous collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Other showcases acquaint visitors with the dress and customs of over thirty North American Indian tribes.

The magnificent two-hundred-room Hotel Hershey stands on a hill overlooking the town and the surrounding countryside. On the slope in front of it is an incomparable rose garden, containing 850 varieties and twenty-three thousand plants. The building is pure Spanish colonial; entering the lobby, you find yourself facing a patio with the usual palm-encircled fountain murmuring in the center. A hand-carved oak railing—a real work of art—separates the patio from the sur-



Sixteen giant silos with capacity of over sixty million pounds store the cacao on which the town's life depends

rounding mezzanine. Farther on is a lounge with lovely mahogany paneling, exquisite tapestries, and a mural depicting old Spain. The balconies and plants of the dining room make the guests feel they are eating outdoors. Every window affords a superb view of mountains, luxuriant gardens, and peaceful farms.

Deposits in the bank Hershey founded in 1905 fluctuate between four and five million dollars a year—impressive figures for such a small town. Also flourishing is the three-story department store he established.

Despite the pessimistic predictions of his friends, Milton S. Hershey built his chocolate factory into the biggest in the world, doing a business averaging \$150,000,000 a year. The raw materials are imported

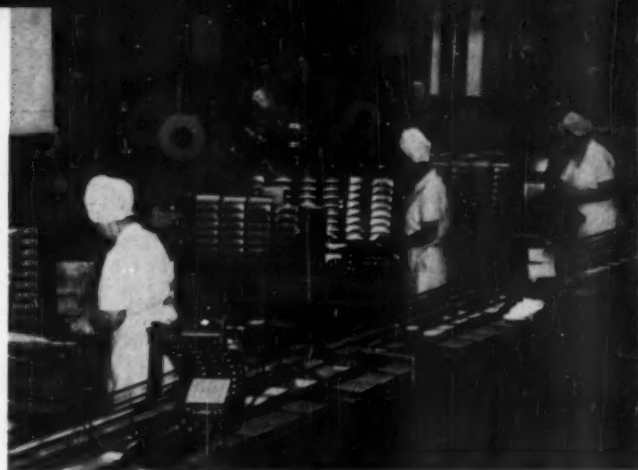
from Africa and Central and South America; once Hershey owned a large sugar mill in Cuba. The sixteen giant silos in which the cacao beans are stored have a sixty-million-pound capacity. Sixteen tank trucks bring in the milk of fifty thousand cows every day.

The original six acres of floor space have grown to sixty, and the buildings now boast the most up-to-date systems of ventilation, air conditioning, and lighting. In a tour lasting an hour and a half, Mr. Harold S. Mohler, the chocolate plant's industrial engineer, showed me about a fifth of the plant, with its machines for crushing cacao beans, its mixers, its cooling tanks, its packaging rooms where highly skilled girls give the impression of having a special magnet for attracting the wrapped bars and inserting them in boxes that are then sealed by machine. The factory has its own printing shop in the basement, where the Hershey name is printed on the characteristic garnet-colored glossy paper (to give an idea of the magnitude of the enterprise, suffice it to say that Hershey uses more silver ink than any other plant in the world); its own laboratory, where the regular products are constantly being tested and new ones developed; and its own electric plant, which produces enough power to meet all the town's requirements.

The more than six thousand employees of the chocolate company and the Hershey Estates are generously covered by insurance. Since 1947 the entire cost of the Hershey group-insurance plan has been met by the company. About 90 per cent of the employees take part in the retirement plan, with the firm footing about two thirds of the cost. Since he had chosen a rural location for the factory, Hershey promptly provided adequate housing for his employees. Today nearly 95 per cent of the town's families own their own homes.

But up to now I have spoken only of Milton Hershey's material accomplishments. I have still not mentioned the work that best reveals his generosity and his vision. Hershey, whose sunny disposition was occasionally interrupted by brief fits of temperament, was the only son of a gentle Mennonite mother and a bohemian father of Swiss ancestry. The father's unpredictable nature strengthened the son's ambition and probably increased his sympathy for children left without the help of parents. He founded a school for orphan boys that is one of the most outstanding in existence. In 1909 he bought the house where he was born and installed in it the first pair of orphans, sons of a recently deceased factory employee. As the institution grew, more buildings were put up around the old homestead, farm lands and houses were acquired, and Hershey endowed the school with five hundred thousand shares in the business, worth sixty million dollars at that time.

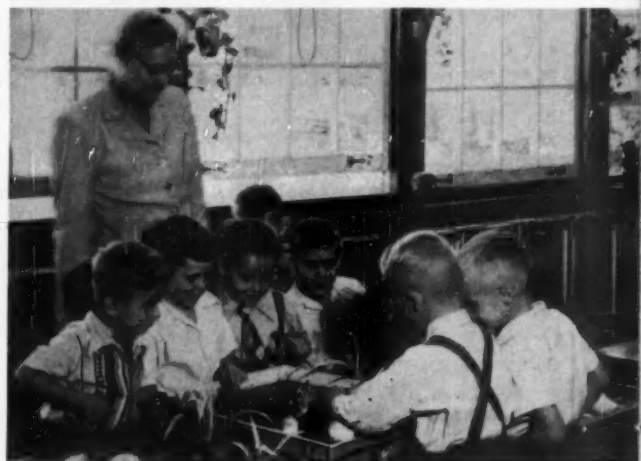
Now known as the Milton Hershey School, this institution is operated under a carefully conceived plan. Childless himself, Hershey provided the boys under his care with the family atmosphere that fate had deprived them of, as well as the medical attention and economic security that would make them useful citizens.



Boxes of Hershey bars are swiftly filled by hand, then conveyor belts start them on their way to the candy counter

To be admitted, boys must be needy; at least four years old and under fifteen; minus father, mother, or both parents; white; and in good health. A sociologist once advised Hershey not to accept children so young, but his experience had shown him that the older the boys, the more likely they were to have habits that would conflict with the principles of the institution. Although preference is given to native Pennsylvanians, requests from any state are given careful consideration.

Once a child is accepted, he is assigned to a farm-home run by a carefully selected couple with the help of two assistants. Between seventeen and thirty-two boys—of different ages, as would be the case in an ordinary family—live in each home. I visited three of the forty-seven now in service, two of them old, one ultra-modern.

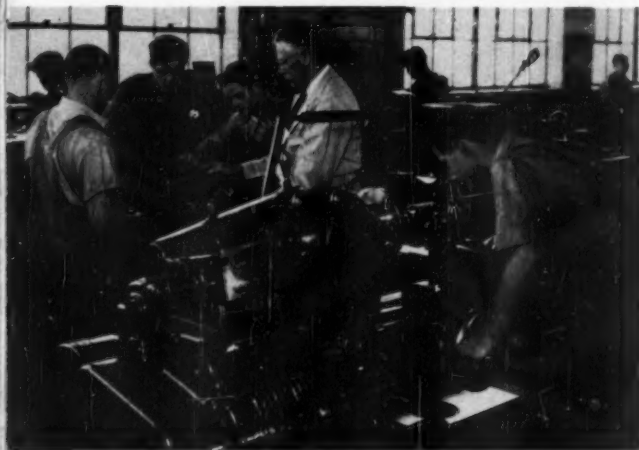


Orphanage accepts applicants as young as four. Their first classes are designed to amuse as well as teach

In the old-style houses, the kitchen, dining room, study hall, and parlor (complete with radio and television sets) were on the first floor; upstairs were the sleeping quarters, with three or four beds to a room and individual wardrobes for each boy; the showers; and the foster parents' quarters. At the new house, similar to the others in layout but with larger rooms, huge picture windows in the warmly furnished study halls and living room commanded splendid views. In its basement were showers,

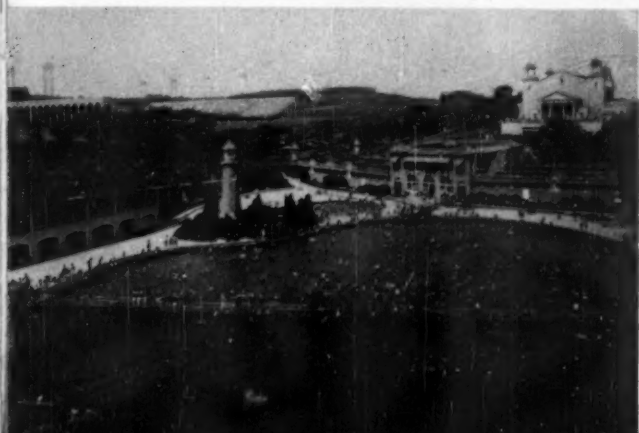
lavatories, metal lockers for sports equipment, a sewing room for the lady of the house—where the smallest children are allowed to keep their favorite toys—and a recreation room for playing games and roller skating on rainy days. Near each house are the stables, barns, and hencoops for the farm's chickens, pigs, ducks, and thirty cows.

Each boy is assigned tasks suited to his age. The younger ones help with the household chores, and the older ones, under skilled supervision, attend to the farm work: milking, feeding the animals, or plowing, according to their strength. All the farms have the latest equip-



For older boys, fully equipped workshops provide training in many trades. Qualified students may go on to junior college

ment for working and conserving the land and raising animals. One time, Mr. Hershey bought a pedigreed bull to improve the quality of the dairy herds, and through a worker's error it was sent to the slaughterhouse. The next beefsteaks served in the dining rooms of the farm-homes were worth their weight in gold, for the animal had cost ten thousand dollars. The danger of another mistake of this kind was averted by resorting to artificial insemination. Enameled metal silos are now being installed in the stables, with a compressed-air system for ejecting just enough feed to fill a wheelbarrow. This kind of silo is easy to keep clean and prevents the contents from freezing. The vegetable gardens have a sprinkler system that permits even distribution of water to all the plants.



No rigid institutional regime prevails in any of the homes. Every effort is made to make each boy feel he is part of a family, and within certain limits the foster parents are allowed to use their own judgment in running their homes. This freedom is reflected in the boys' relaxed manner. None of them seemed embarrassed before visitors or their adoptive parents, who know how to be subtle about maintaining discipline.

At the present time the Hershey company has eighty farms, including those occupied by the boys, stretching over nearly twelve thousand acres of land. A tremendous kitchen has been built in the old Hershey homestead in which food is prepared for all the farm-homes and for the hospital the founder provided for the town and especially for the boys. This building also contains a huge cafeteria for the employees. I was welcomed to the central kitchen by Mrs. Dorothy Kluck, who has presided over it for twenty-three years. With her I inspected the shiny hundred-gallon kettles and the immense refrigerators. Every day of the week Mrs. Kluck supervises the preparation of fourteen hundred dinners, and on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, the same number of lunches. Breakfasts are prepared in the individual houses, and so are lunches on the other three days of the week, in order to allow time for cleaning the central kitchen. Great quantities of fruits, vegetables, and meats are put up every year in the basement canning center. The bulk of these is supplied by the farms, but Mrs. Kluck always has to make supplementary purchases in nearby markets.

The first thing visitors to the town notice is a T-shaped, two-story building on a hill above the airport. This is where eight to nine hundred of the philanthropist's adopted sons attend classes from the sixth grade through high school (the younger boys go to public school). Both academic and vocational courses are offered. From the time a boy enters junior high school he spends some time in the various shops, where his aptitudes are tested and experts teach and advise him. Training is given in woodworking, electrical work, mechanics, metalworking, plumbing, printing, and building. Starting in the tenth grade, the boys in the building class actually put up houses to sell, and the proceeds help meet the expenses of the workshop. In printing classes the boys get out the school paper, which has a press run of twenty-five hundred, and fill all the rest of the institution's printing needs.

Other boys receive training in pastry making, meat processing and creamery operation, floriculture, poultry husbandry, plumbing and heating, and commercial subjects. Boys who seem qualified for professional careers are promoted to the academic courses of the junior college. Some of these go on to universities on scholarship or with money left by their parents and held in trust for them by the school.

All this was explained to me by John O. Hershey (no relative of Milton Hershey's), vice president and director of the school. Then he asked Joel May, a bright fifteen-year-old student, to serve as my guide. Joel is

(Continued on page 39)

dancing gauchos

Luiz Carlos Lessa

BRAZIL'S Rio Grande do Sul State as well as the River Plate countries cradled the colorful gaucho, master of the green sea that stretches from the Uruguay River in Brazil to remote Patagonia. Whether of Portuguese or of Spanish descent, these men of the pampas led the same nomadic, freedom-loving existence, which stamped them with similar psychological traits. Recently their identity was once more established when fifty Uruguayans and Brazilians danced away the borders at a folk festival in Porto Alegre, the capital of Rio Grande do Sul. The unprecedented spectacle, based on traditional motifs of gaucho life, was produced at the São Pedro Theater by the Uruguayan-Brazilian Cultural Institute.

Twenty-eight young Uruguayans—members of the *Asociación Nativista El Pericón*—were welcomed at the Porto Alegre railroad station by a regional cavalry escort made up of young Brazilians from the *Centro de Tradições Gaúchas*. It was the first meeting of the two gaucho groups. When the Brazilians dismounted to embrace their counterparts from the neighboring country, it was virtually impossible to distinguish the two nationalities—except, of course, for the fact that the Uruguayans spoke Spanish and the Brazilians Portuguese. Both wore their typical dress, which might have been designed by one



Brazilian performers at festival dancing tatú, which bears Spanish influence—in finger snapping, for example



Pau-de-fita, Brazilian version of maypole dances popular all over Latin America in colonial times

fashion expert: the felt hat fringed with thin straps of woven leather; the silk kerchief neatly looped about the neck, its ends fluttering freely; the light-colored shirt covered by a waistcoat, often painstakingly embroidered by the wearer's *chinoquita*, or girl friend. The men wore baggy *bombachas*—loose trousers tied at the ankle—held up by the *guaiaca*, a belt adorned with pockets, a holster, and a cartridge case. More Uruguayans than Brazilians sported the intricate gold and silver filigree buckles called *rastrós*. The costume is completed by black boots, silver spurs, and the indispensable *poncho*, a rectangular cape that protects the gaucho against cold and rain (if it is woolen) or the heat (if it is silk).

Next day at the theater the curtain rose on the eighteenth century. In a corner of the stage gauchos in costumes of the era were gathered around a bonfire sipping their *mate* and retelling local-color stories of the pampas. One introduced the audience to the gaucho's past through Carlos Roxo's beautiful poem.

The stage had become an endless plain, the no-man's-land of the eighteenth century. Up to then, the Guaraní, Charrúa, and Minuano Indians were the absolute owners of those lands. But soon the immense deserted region was taken over by cattle and horses brought into São Paulo, Paraguay, and Buenos Aires. The abundant herds of cattle that freely roamed the pampas were as strong an attraction for the settlers as the precious stones hidden in Peru's Sierra Encantada and Brazil's Minas Gerais Province. For decades these fertile grazing lands were the scene of struggle for possession of the herds—between adventurers from the Viceroyalties of Brazil and the River Plate, subjects of Portugal and Spain, respectively.

In this life filled with the slaughter of cattle, rodeos, and armed encounters among bands of cattle thieves, the man of the pampa took form, the offspring of Spaniards and Portuguese and Indian women. In a land without law or masters—Spain and Portugal had not yet actually conquered those regions or marked the boundaries of their possessions—pride and freedom came first. Courage was molded by necessity: cattle were won by cunning, men were tamed by knives. The horse was man's work tool, the basis of his ability to make war, the guarantee of his freedom. A nomad and a warrior, the gaucho made the horse's back his home, the saddle his bed. His wife was the Indian or mestizo girl accustomed to ride behind him in the saddle.

His position halfway between civilization and barbarism was reflected even in his dress. From Moorish horsemen who had peopled Andalucía and Maragateria Provinces in Spain he inherited the kerchief that covered his unkempt hair. From the Spanish or the Portuguese he had come by the peasant's shirt and tight-fringed undertrousers; from the Indian, the *chiripá*, or protective chaps for his legs. His boots were made of leather from the horse's forelegs. His weapons were the Indians' *boleador*, made of three stone balls attached by leather thongs with which he could lasso a horse at full speed, and the big straight-bladed knife, which was incompatible for slaughtering.

These men were called *gauderios* or *gauchos*, men without fixed address, without a home, without a country. So they remained until the border wars in the Spanish and Portuguese colonies gave them a national consciousness.

Dancing was a pleasant intermission in the gaucho's danger-packed daily life. Then their *chinoquitas*—half-breed girls with eyes as provocative as the hinterland's mystery and black braids longer than desert journeys—brought to the *gauchos'* camps their colorful calico skirts and graceful dances. Souls were filled with peace, guitars hummed sweet arpeggios, and the *gauchos'* spurs sang happily in the noisy tapping called *zapateado*. Guitars and spurs that sang again, now, on the theater stage.



The *pericón*, national dance of Uruguay and a favorite throughout gaucho territory, features silk scarfs

Up to the eighteenth century, the River Plate gaucho dances were modified Spanish *zapateados*. Later the gaucho adopted the sumptuous ballroom dances from Paris, whose choreographic cycle closed with the advent of contradances and quadrilles. Both types the gaucho adapted to his typical instruments, enriched with local variations, and provided with new names.

Uruguay's and Argentina's earliest folk dances—stemming from the *zapateados* of the Iberian Peninsula—featured separated couple dancing in which the partners never touch. The man and the woman stand about six feet apart and raise their arms so that their fingers are free to imitate the castanets. The man pretends to pursue the girl, and in the process executes full turns or half turns to the left; the girl eludes him by repeating these moves. But the steps are continually interrupted by the dancers' swift, graceful whirls. The dance ends when the woman realizes how futile it is to avoid him, and faces the man bravely, not without ardor.

Holding her calico skirt gracefully, she moves sideways with a swinging step, facing her partner; he indicates his joy over his own triumph by bringing his spurs together in intricate tapping steps. First the heels of his boots strike the floor, then the tips do a vigorous staccato; finally tip and heel join in a noisy recapitulation. With slight variations, these are characteristics of the River Plate gaucho dances called the *chacarera*, the *gato*, the *triunfo*, the *escondido*, the *bailecito*, the *lorencita*.

The *zapateados* sometimes take on a typical element that is particularly colorful—a kerchief held by each dancer and used to express a picturesque language of love in such dances as the *zamba*, the *zamacueca*, and the *huella*. Usually the girl does nothing but wave her kerchief, as if luring the man; he is expected to show her, also with his kerchief, how he reacts to her. He will either spin his kerchief over her hair as if to crown her, or bring it to the floor in a sweeping gesture, as if strewing flowers along the path she follows as she dances. The more forward lads may ask her for a kiss by touching her face with the kerchief, furtively, as if by accident. The audience may not be aware of this romantic gesture, but the girl recognizes it immediately and responds in kind, or feigns embarrassment by covering her face with the kerchief. The *zamba* frequently ends with the gaucho's rough gesture of taking the ends of the kerchief in both hands, wrapping it around her hair, and bringing her closer, as if saying, "Now you're my prisoner; you will never again elude me."

This amorous mimicry finds more refined expression in the *firmeza* than in any other gaucho dance. Even the lyrics sung by the gauchos as boy and girl dance (always without touching) give an idea of how the turns are performed. The dance begins with a complete turn, and as the man pursues the woman the singer starts:

<i>Antenoche me confesé</i>	Night before last I made my confession
<i>con el cura de Santa Clara:</i>	To the priest of Santa Clara.
<i>me mandó por penitencia</i>	For my penance he ordered me
<i>que la firmeza bailara.</i>	To dance the <i>firmeza</i> .

Brazilians (left) dance to accordion music, while Uruguayans (right) prefer the guitar. Couple at right wear costumes of an earlier day



*Dése una vueltitá
con su compañera,
con la traz trasera,
con la delantera.*

*Con el otro lado,
con ese costado.*

*Con ese modito
pónele el codito.*

*Con la mano al hombro
te lo correspondo.*

*Retirate un paso,
dale un abrazo;*

*otro poquitito,
dale un besito.*

Do a little turn
With your partner,
Then with the second girl behind you
And then the one in front.

With one from the other side
And one from this side.

With this little gesture
Give her your elbow.

With my hand on your shoulder
I pay you back.

Take a step backward,
Give her a hug;

A little bit more,
And give her a kiss.

At that point, the little gaucho girl, not expecting such boldness from her partner, shields her face demurely while he smiles nonchalantly, confident that sooner or later he will capture the caress he is after.

*"Ay... Por Dios. No, No,
que me dá vergüenza."*

*—Tápate la cara,
te daré licencia.*

*"Ay... Por Dios. No, no,
You embarrass me."*

*Cover your face,
I will give you permission.*

The first families of settlers in Rio Grande do Sul were farmers from the Azores sent by the Portuguese King to claim, by tilling it, a territory without owners or borderlines. These families brought their own dances, such as the *chamarrita*, *feliz amor*, and *sarraballo*. Later, in the early nineteenth century, the incipient communities enjoyed dances brought by Brazilians from Minas Gerais, São Paulo, Curitiba, and Laguna to the southern farms: the joyful *lundús*, which adapted Spanish choreography to the rhythm of Negro drums. Rio Grande do Sul's most expressive dances, however, were not born until the state had been fully conquered and settled and its social life became intense, even tumultuous, as is customary in frontier regions.

The dances of the Brazilian gaucho are quite different from the early *zapateado* dances of the River Plate—more because of chronology than geography. Rio Grande do Sul's social growth began virtually three centuries after Brazil was discovered and Buenos Aires was settled. Racial groups contributing to that growth were almost exclusively Brazilian; together with their speech and customs they brought to Rio Grande do Sul a genuinely Brazilian type of music, a deep, three-century blend of Indian, Negro, and Portuguese. In it the rich rhythm of Negro drums predominated, and even today this rhythm is the leading motif in the most impressive musical creations of the Latin American sections where slavery existed. Although the Negro's contribution to the ethnic make-up of Rio Grande was practically nil, the Negroes indirectly exerted a great deal of rhythmic influence on the state's music. Bearing this in mind, we can evaluate the difference that exists even between Rio Grande do Sul's *zapateados* on the one hand and those of Argentina and Uruguay on the other, for the River Plate countries were never influenced by the Africans. To be sure, the *zapateados* of both regions had their origin in the Iberian Peninsula's *pas de deux*, in which the two partners danced without touching. But the rhythmic alterations in the music itself, which took place in Brazil, led to a parallel change in steps and *zapateados*.

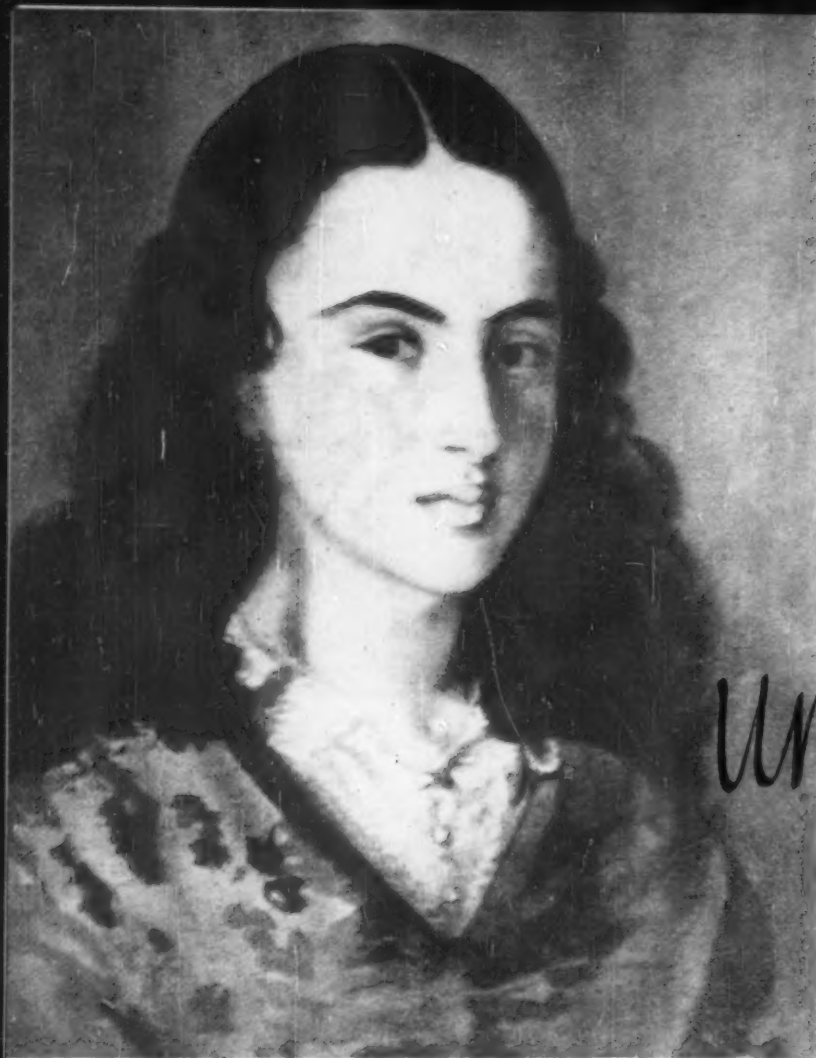
When Rio Grande do Sul began to develop, Paris was



Music of *balaio* (basket) dance is a *lundú*—old Brazilian song of African origin. Negro influence did not reach River Plate gauchos the main source of civilization through its fashions and consequently its dances: the moribund minuet and the colorful contradances and quadrilles. Thus the first towns in the state pepped up their dances with these imported steps. This explains why the most representative folk creations of the Rio Grande do Sul gaucho, choreographically speaking, are ensemble dances. For more than a century, though they were geographically close, Rio Grande do Sul gauchos remained quite apart from their River Plate counterparts owing to the endless wars that covered the pampas with blood. First Portugal and Spain fought over borderlines, and later the Brazilian Empire and the River Plate republics were involved in imperialist struggles. Paradoxically, around the middle of the last century the war with Paraguay became a uniting force, when the gauchos banded together against the common enemy. Then, and only then, a close interchange began between the people of both regions and they traded folk dances. But by that time, both preferred contradances and quadrilles—disguised by regional variations—such as the River Plate's *meia canha* and *pericón*, and Rio Grande do Sul's *tirana grande*.

The contrast between the characteristic dances of the gaucho groups from different nations became apparent to the Teatro São Pedro audience when the curtain rose for the second part of the Folk Festival and the dancers of the Centro de Tradições Gaúchas fell into position under the direction of a caller. The stage was filled with more verve and movement than during the River Plate dancers' performance, largely because of the use of accordions. This instrument was widely introduced in the south of Brazil by Italian immigrants, while the chief musical instrument in the River Plate region is the guitar, richer in feeling and harmony but less stimulating than the accordion.

(Continued on page 46)



An old portrait of La Pola in National Museum, Bogotá

girl of the underground

**La Pola, heroine of Colombia's
struggle for independence**

Evelyn Moore

IT WAS MARKET DAY. As usual, the Plaza Mayor was crowded. But with all the buying and selling, there was a strange lack of gaiety. For this was 1817, the second year of the Terror in Santa Fe de Bogotá. On the south side of the plaza was the house of Juan de Sámano, the poisonous snake who had succeeded the lion, Morillo, at the task of pacifying Spain's rebellious colony. Soldiers were everywhere, and though many were prisoners of war, forced to enlist in enemy ranks to escape death before a firing squad, none could tell which was Colombian patriot and which *gachupin* spy. So greetings were restrained and voices low; the only sounds were the crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs, the occasional poignant bray of a donkey.

The one noisy exception was a pocket-sized bar on the east side of the plaza, in the shadow of the Colegio de San Bartolomé. This was the rendezvous of soldiers of the king. Sheltered from the silent hatred of the populace, they sprawled red-faced and joking, calling for another drink, and pinching the complaisant hostess.

The table by the door was reserved for Sergeant Iglesias. Some grumbled about this favoritism, for his

table commanded the best view. But those who knew the burly sergeant held their peace. He was reckoned a coldly ambitious man, welcome in the councils of his betters, and they suspected that romance alone could not lure him to this one table day after day for a fortnight.

They were right. The sergeant's vigil was about to end. As he raised his glass to his lips, the barmaid seized his shoulder and pointed to a ragged teen-age boy disappearing up Ninth Street bent under the weight of two food baskets. At once Sergeant Iglesias was off in pursuit. One block east and three south, then the boy turned into a corner house. The sergeant's pace did not slacken, nor did he look at the house. But he marked its surroundings before he returned to his barracks so that he could not fail to find it by day or by night.

This episode, known to most Colombian school children, was the opening scene of the third act in a patriotic tragedy. Its heroine was La Pola, whose full name was Policarpa or Polonia Salavarrieta, a courageous, high-spirited girl of twenty-two who for a brief time was the living flame that kept the fires of rebellion burning. Such was her importance that Sergeant Iglesias

earned an officer's commission for tracking her down. His only clue was that she never went abroad without her brother Bibiano. The treacherous barmaid knew the boy by sight, and her pointed finger set the girl on the path to martyrdom. After La Pola's execution, a fellow conspirator devised an anagram with the letters of her name. Whispered from lip to lip till it could be chanted aloud in safety, "*¡ace Por Salvar La Patria*" (She Died to Save Her Country) has assured heroic Policarpa Salavarrieta a niche among Colombia's immortals.

She was born in Guaduas, a two-day trip from Bogotá by mule or horseback. The year was 1795, when French revolutionary doctrine was seeping through Spain's colonies, and "literary clubs" discussed liberty and natural rights with bated breath. In Colombia, the patriot Antonio Nariño's star was ascendant, and the botanical investigations of José Celestino Mutis and his followers were preparing a climate of opinion favorable to political as well as scientific innovation.

Policarpa was the fifth child and third daughter of Joaquín Salavarrieta and his wife, Mariana de Ríos. After her came José, and then Joaquín moved his family to Bogotá, where three more sons were born. The last was Bibiano, born in December 1801.

A few months after Bibiano's birth, a smallpox epidemic swept Santa Bárbara parish, where the Salavarrieta family lived. Joaquín and Mariana both succumbed. Several of their children are named in the parish list of those who escaped, but neither Policarpa nor Bibiano is among them. Since these two grew up in Guaduas, it is presumed that they had been sent back to the village for safety.

Joaquín mentioned Polonia as one of his heirs in his will, which showed him to be a man of some property. In addition to his house he left earrings, necklaces, rosaries, and pins made of gold, emeralds, and pearls; domestic animals; uncollected bills for shipments of grain and potatoes; and several fine saddles, one upholstered in red velvet. But his social position was not exalted, for in spite of unmixed Spanish ancestry he was never known as Don.

The orphaned girl occupied a menial position in the home of a wealthy Guaduas family, and when Mrs. Zaldúa de Herrán moved to Bogotá, she took her along. Policarpa had become an expert seamstress, and her mistress often lent her services to friends. Going from house to house, Policarpa grew familiar with street talk and, young as she was, became an ardent patriot.

These were the days of *La Patria Boba* (The Foolish Fatherland), a brief period of independence, lost more as a result of internal dissension than through the strength of the Reconquest. Two diametrically opposed elements joined forces to create *La Patria Boba*—Nariño's libertarian followers and the conservative royalist supporters of the Bourbon dynasty. When Napoleon placed his brother on the Spanish throne, rebellion became a patriotic duty. On July 20, 1810, an argument between Francisco Morales, a patriot, and a Spanish merchant named Llorente set off the explosion. One word led to another, and Morales ended by slapping the Spaniard's

face. This slap started a fight, which became a riot, then grew into rebellion that drove the Spanish viceroy from the land.

Antonio Nariño, who had spent many years in prison and exile, was chosen president of the new republic in the only unanimous decision of *La Patria Boba*. At first the new lawmakers promised to hold the colony for the Bourbons. But as the months passed, Nariño's intention of creating an independent republic became evident, and in 1813 a Declaration of Freedom severed all ties with Spain. This act alienated thousands of royalists and a costly civil war ensued.

Then Napoleon was sent to Elba, and the Bourbon King Ferdinand returned to the throne of his fathers. His first act was to send troops to reconquer the lost American colonies. Since Peru had remained loyal, it was easy to prepare expeditions from Lima against the rebels.

In 1815 President Nariño renounced his office and led a force south to repel the invaders. Meanwhile, a Spanish fleet took Cartagena after a heroic resistance lasting 108 days. The fallen city was the key to Bogotá. On May 26, 1816, Pablo Morillo, known to Spanish historians as the Pacificator, to Colombians by less complimentary terms, entered a mourning capital in the dead of night. The Terror had begun.

At first successful, General Nariño was decisively beaten in the battle of La Cuchilla de Tambo, on the road between Popayán and Pasto, and his force was cut to pieces. Among the hundreds of prisoners was Alejo Sabaraín, a young lieutenant. Like many of his fellows, after long weeks in prison Lieutenant Sabaraín cheated a firing squad by enlisting with the enemy as a private, and, with the victors, marched over the mountains to reinforce Morillo in Bogotá.

In 1816 Policarpa Salavarrieta left Bogotá for Guaduas. She was already involved in the underground resistance to Morillo, and her return to her native village may have been a flight.

By the fateful year 1817, no organized resistance remained in Nueva Granada. Summary executions had become daily events. Bolívar was in Venezuela, recovering from defeat and struggling to whip together an army. Those who escaped found refuge with General Francisco de Paula Santander in the mountains southeast of Bogotá and beyond, in the limitless savannas of Casanare. Other patriots trickled out from the captive cities by twos and threes, sometimes in groups of ten or twenty, to join the guerrillas and prepare for the day of reckoning.

The insurgents' lifeline was the underground resistance in Bogotá. Through it they received ammunition and supplies, news of the enemy, and recruits. La Pola was already a member when she returned to Bogotá in 1817, accompanied by her youngest brother, who at twelve had fought in a battle of *La Patria Boba*. Her work was to locate the patriot conscripts in the Spanish army and help them to escape. And since no pretty young woman of that era could walk Bogotá streets unchaperoned, Bibiano was always her companion.

Bogotá in those days was a city of cobbled streets, with the spires of numerous convents and churches looming overhead. Most houses near the plaza were two-story adobe structures with tile roofs and carved and shuttered wooden balconies. Along these streets walked the Indian slaves, soldiers in uniform, priests, monks and nuns, gentlemen with short swords and capes, ladies in mantillas followed by duenna and Indian slave or carried in their velvet-lined palanquins. Horsemen and strings of tiny burros trotted by, and an occasional carriage lumbered over the cobblestones, the footmen warning pedestrians out of their horses' path.

Against this background it is easy to picture the twenty-two-year-old girl, slim and tall, clad in a loose blouse and full blue skirt, the blue shawl over her head

surmounted by the typical straw hat of the period. She had wit and arrogance, a bold manner, a quick tongue, and unshakeable faith in her cause.

The little dressmaker presented an attractive figure, and when soldiers loitering on a corner called to her, she did not discourage them. It did not take long to separate the true Spanish soldiers from the patriots. She would encourage the patriots to desert and then make all the arrangements; one fine night, another band would slip away, bearing letters, ammunition, and supplies to the insurgents.

Probably Alejo Sabaraín turned up in such a group of loiterers, and when she was sure of his identity, she may have challenged him: "Alejo, the guerrillas need you. Why don't you join them?" It was a familiar pattern. But this handsome young officer in the uniform of a Spanish private caught her fancy. Before arrangements for the runaway were complete, Alejo and Policarpa were in love.

Alejo, born the same year as his sweetheart, belonged to a higher social level. His father was a Don, and had been a fellow botanist of the celebrated Mutis. Alejo is described by his contemporaries as tall and handsome, with heavy black brows, exceptional physical strength, and unlimited pride. Like many boys of his age, he had worshipped Nariño and run away from a luxurious home to fight his battles, first in La Patria Boba and then in the Army of the South against the invaders. In normal times a match with La Pola would be out of the question, but now they pledged their troth.

It must have taken courage for the girl to persuade Alejo to join six other young men for the dangerous escape they were planning on the very day that Sergeant Iglesias followed Bibiano to the house on Sixth Street. This was the home of Andrea Ricaurte and the center of underground activities. Policarpa and Bibiano lodged with Andrea, visited only by their two eldest brothers, both patriots and monks in the neighboring Augustinian monastery.

That night the King's soldiers surrounded the house. Here is the story, as Andrea wrote it many years later:

It was eleven or twelve, and Policarpa, Bibiano, and I were in the living room. We were just going to bed when we heard a noise in the kitchen, as though someone were breaking down the door. We sat terrified and silent, waiting. Soldiers burst into the patio, and . . . then we understood. Sergeant Iglesias entered, hurling insults at us. Policarpa replied with spirit . . . [and] touched my foot with hers. I went to the bedroom, raised her mattress, took the papers beneath it, and then by the opposite door crossed the patio to the kitchen between the sentinels, to whom I gave some coins. There was a strong fire under a pot of corn, . . . and I threw in the papers, which burned to ashes. All this I did so quickly that Sergeant Iglesias did not even notice that I had gone to the kitchen. . . .

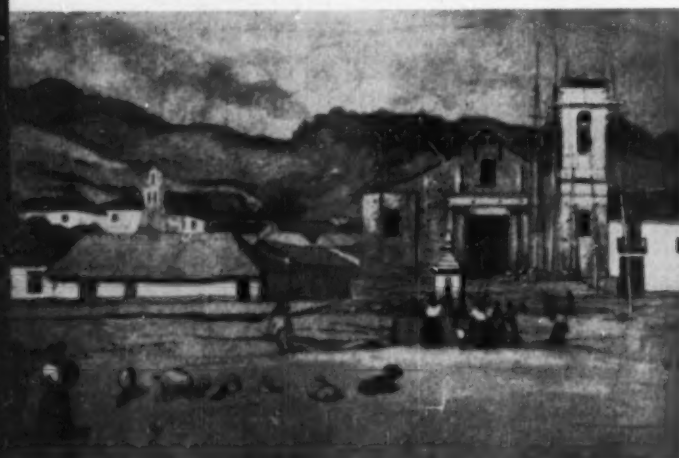
I returned and the sergeant accused me of being an insurgent . . . and asked why I had that woman (Policarpa) there. I said that she had come from the hot country with her sick little brother. . . . He asked me who visited her or gathered in the house, and I answered no one. He left us in the living room with a guard and searched the house, and found nothing.

He wanted to take us all prisoner, but the fact that I was pregnant, his belief that I had not known her

(Continued on page 27)



Heroine on her way to execution, from another oil in the National Museum by an anonymous artist



Century-old water color of Guaduas, where La Pola was born and spent most of her childhood

it's the talk in . . .

San Salvador

Everyone agrees that the handsome new two-and-a-half-million-dollar San Marcos Bridge spanning El Salvador's main river, the Río Lempa, will be a boon to the northern part of the country. More than three thousand people were on hand for the formal opening in December. Built by a U.S. firm, Roebling's Sons, it is 2,545 feet long and eighty-two feet high. . . .

Booklovers flocked to the National Library's recent exhibit of Salvadorean volumes at the General Francisco Menéndez Institute. Some fifteen thousand nineteenth- and twentieth-century books were displayed. Library director Baudilio Torres has announced that a detailed catalogue of the material will be published this year. . . .

After a long series of exasperating fluctuations in the power supply, Salvadoreans are delighted over the National Assembly's modification of the Electrical Services Law, making the power-distribution companies responsible for damage to refrigerators, stoves, radios, and other electrical appliances caused by irregular voltage. The companies will also be required to reduce their charges in proportion to any reduction in voltage. . . .

Enthusiasm has run high over the ballet series put on by the Fine Arts Administration under the direction of the French dancer Nelsy d'André. Incidentally, the Administration's literature department, directed by author Ricardo Trigueros de León, is furnishing free on request the following works published in 1952: *Minuto de Silencio* (Minute of Silence), by Alberto Guerra Trigueros; an excellent translation of Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," by Professor Francisco Morán; and *Tiro al Blanco* (Target Shooting), a volume of literary criticism by the brilliant young writer Luis Gallegos Valdés. . . .

One of the chief topics of conversation in the capital concerns the seventy new houses the Institute of Urban Housing has turned over for occupancy—twenty-eight of them to teachers. It's all part of the Institute's popular, but not exactly low-cost, housing program. The homes are small and well-built, constructed with reinforced concrete pillars and brick walls for earthquake resistance. Monthly payments are arranged over a period of twenty years, with no down payment.—Hugo Lindo

Quito

Ecuadoreans are pleased and proud that Archbishop Carlos María de la Torre of Quito has been named to the College of Cardinals, giving him voice and vote in the administration of the Catholic Church. He went to Rome to be invested in the new office conferred by Pope Pius XII. . . .

The public is applauding the current drive to improve the caliber of the movies and movie houses in the capital, as well as to reduce admission prices. Opening gun in the campaign was fired by one of the leading local dailies. So far the municipal authorities have closed two theaters permanently and three others temporarily, and the Board of Censors is using more care in the selection of films. . . .

While it did not come as a surprise, the elimination of the Social Security Fund's Construction Department left people insured under the Fund, who were eligible to buy homes from it, wondering how they would be affected. The Fund's Administrative Council replaced the department with one in charge of planning and control. From now on, the Fund will do no building itself, offering only technical and financial supervision.—César Cisneros Cisneros

Port-au-Prince

Preparations are already under way for a gala celebration to mark the 150th anniversary of the proclamation of independence next January. The Champs-de-Mars, Port-au-Prince's main park, is humming with activity, and the avenues converging on it are being transformed under a plan drawn up by architects Franck Jeanton and René Villejoint. . . .

The use of Creole, the vernacular language, as a means of expression and a tool of education has been hotly debated for several months in the press and in lectures and conversation. One of its champions has just adapted Sophocles' *Antigone* for presentation in Haitian popular speech. A committee of intellectuals will produce the play, which may decide the fate of Creole as a literary language. . . .

At the turn of the year *Le Foyer des Arts Plastiques* inaugurated its new exhibit hall in the building that housed the aquarium at Haiti's International Exposition two years ago. Featured at the opening were sixty oil paintings, water colors, and drawings by thirty artists. The hall was made available by the Government of Haiti to encourage young artists. . . .

The same week the *Centre d'Art*, nucleus of what has come to be known as the Haitian Renaissance, displayed water colors by Jacqueline Boucard and, for the first time, revealed the humorous talent of Alix Roy in a series of truculent works with comment by the well-known novelist Philippe Thoby-Marcelin. The Marcelin brothers, incidentally, have come in for considerable discussion with the publication of a French edition of their latest novel, which first appeared in English as *The Pencil of God*. Edris Saint-Armand's first book, *Le Bon Dieu Rit* (The Good God Laughs), also came out in Paris.—F. Morisseau-Leroy

Rio de Janeiro

Everyone is talking about Heitor Villa-Lobos' new oratorio, *The Discovery of Brazil*, performed for the first time at the Rio de Janeiro Music Festival and directed by the composer. In the second part, entitled "The First Mass in Brazil," the voices of Indians run parallel with those of the Portuguese setting foot on virgin soil. The interplay between the Gregorian chant of the Portuguese and the native Indian themes was magnificently executed, the medieval monody that represents occupation of the land by Christian civilization being sung in two male parts and the incisive jungle rhythms in two feminine parts. . . .

A "New Author's Festival" has been organized by Pascoal Carlos Magno for his small Duse Theater in the capital, presenting plays by dramatists not previously represented on the stage. The series, beginning with Hermilo Borba Filho's *João Sem Terra* (Landless John), introduced nine budding playwrights. Two of the plays were staged by a group that calls itself the Nameless Theater, maintaining complete anonymity in its programs as to director, set designers, and actors.—Florentino Barbosa e Silva

Porto Alegre

Two Colombian cyclists, Azarel Roterio and Jaime Navarro, pedaled into Porto Alegre recently after covering the nine-thousand-odd miles from Bogotá on a tandem. They came through Ecuador, Peru, Chile, Paraguay, Argentina, and Uruguay, and took off from here for Rio. Claimed they made the trip to take a swim at Copacabana. . . .

It looks as though the popular vocalist João Dias would succeed Francisco Alves (who died recently in an auto crash) as King of Song in Brazil. There is a striking resemblance in their voices. . . .

Porto Alegre has produced something new in pickpockets: one recently extracted a sizable amount of money from a back-country visitor, first winning the stranger's confidence by teaching him all the tricks of the trade—all but one.—Vitalino A. Aguirre



Roughhouse IN PANAMA

IN REMOTE, mountainous reaches of Panama's western provinces—Chiriquí, Bocas del Toro, and Veraguas—the Guaymí Indians preserve many of their ancient ways. While they successfully raise cattle, in some areas they still practice a primitive slash-and-burn method of farming. They wear European-style clothes, but leave them behind when they go on hunting forays through the dense forests. In their traditionally polygamous society, they measure an individual's economic standing by the number of his wives. And they have not given up a custom that is one of the world's most violent games. The main idea in a *balsería*, as the unique contests are called, is to break your opponent's legs.

A heavy stick about six feet long is the weapon used, the *balsa* for which the game is named being nothing like the light wood known by that name elsewhere. Contestants representing the two rival sides pair off and take turns hurling the pole at each other's legs. The man on the receiving end must keep his back to his assailant,

guessing the right moment to jump out of the way by the spectators' reactions. Poor timing can have fatal effects, but the competitors, well fortified with alcohol, can absorb terrific punishment. The longer it lasts and the more liquor is consumed, the rougher the party gets. Dr. Luis C. Prieto, well known for his work among the Indians and one of the few outsiders to witness a genuine *balsería*, counted fourteen men with one leg broken, two with fractures of both legs, and more than forty with assorted bruises, cuts, and contusions at a big one held in Chiriquí Province a few years ago.

The *balsería* is a traditional way of settling disputes among the sub-groups of the Guaymí tribe. A challenge to such a tournament may arise from simple rivalry in physical prowess or over more involved questions, such as marriage arrangements, for the only accepted way of changing wives among the Guaymies is through one of these contests. The disputed girl goes to the last man left on his feet. ♦ ♦ ♦



1 Costely pearl collar and feathered hat are insignia of team leader in a balsería, Guaymí Indian leg-smashing contest, whose start is heralded by an ancient cowhorn trumpet



2 Chief distributes potent chicha to the women. The Guaymies usually brew their own from newly germinated corn. Days between the challenge and the battle are counted off in knots on a cord

3 Team leader poises his deadly pole, ready to start the match. Harsh rules are strictly enforced by the chiefs and judges and meticulously followed despite contestants' drunkenness



4 Contestant winds up in a dancelike maneuver before hurling his stick at his opponent's legs. Launched on the run, it strikes man or ground with shattering force





5 Receiver, with back turned to thrower, must guess right moment to leap out of the way. If he's still standing, it will then be his turn to do the hurling



6 "It's nothing to worry about," says local medicine man after patching up one of the casualties. Primitive medical practices are striking feature of Panama Indian tribes

7 Visiting group trots home minus the gaiety of the trip to the battlefields. Some of the men are crippled, others may have changed wives. Balserías mean social upheaval too

8 With all the drinking, the fighting may be carried back to the village, this time with machetes instead of poles. To prevent damage, happy warriors are put in ceppo stocks to sober up



GIRL OF THE UNDERGROUND

(Continued from page 22)

before, my pretense, and her opposition . . . were in my favor. They did take Policarpa and Bibiano. They beat him and after three days freed him, and he returned to my house. . . .

The burnt papers contained letters from patriots in the city, a list of those who were giving money to help the men escape, letters from the guerrilla chiefs, and information on the Spanish army.

The quick thinking of the two young women saved Policarpa for the time being, and she was reluctantly released. But she knew that she was being watched, and the seven men—Sabarain, Arellanos, Arcos, Díaz, Suárez, Julianio, and Maurufú—decided to escape at once. They managed to leave (for most of them wore the Spanish uniform) well provided with food, money, ammunition, letters, and lists of associates for the guerrilla leaders. But two days' march from the city they encountered Colonel Carlos Tolrá with a patrol. The letters Policarpa had signed were her ruin. And on November 13, 1817, the seven men and the girl were tried by court martial and sentenced to be shot the next morning.

The account of the last night is told in the memoirs of General José Hilario López. He was nineteen years old when the Spaniards captured him after the debacle at La Cuchilla de Tambo and, like Alejo Sabarain, he enlisted with the enemy to escape death. He was also an ardent member of the underground, but managed to survive the Terror. During the civil wars of the Republic, he rose to be a famous general and was elected President in 1849.

Young Hilario was chosen for sentry duty that night in the Colegio del Rosario, where the prisoners—many of whom had studied there in happier days—were confined. Reporting for duty to the cell of Sabarain, Arellano, and Arcos, he was greeted "most affectionately" and charged to avenge their death. In tears, he asked to be relieved of his post, and the lieutenant in charge, a Cuban named Manuel Pérez Delgado, "had the inexpressible goodness" to assign him to another. As he passed La Pola's cell, she called after him: "Don't weep for our fate, Lopecito, we'll soon be free from these tyrants, these beasts, these murderers!"

From his new vantage point, only sixteen steps from her cell, López could hear everything that went on within. Hour after hour the priests exhorted her to confess, but she refused indignantly, with the words: "If my soul's salvation depends on forgiving our persecutors, then it is lost." With even greater passion she rejected their offer to seek a pardon from Viceroy Sámano. "Insane, hopelessly insane," Lieutenant Delgado kept repeating as her fury rose—"possibly to bolster his own spirits," wrote López, "perhaps to make the listening soldiers attribute her words to madness rather than patriotic fervor."

Successful in his efforts to avoid serving on the firing squad, López marched in the second file to the place of execution next morning at nine. His account goes on:

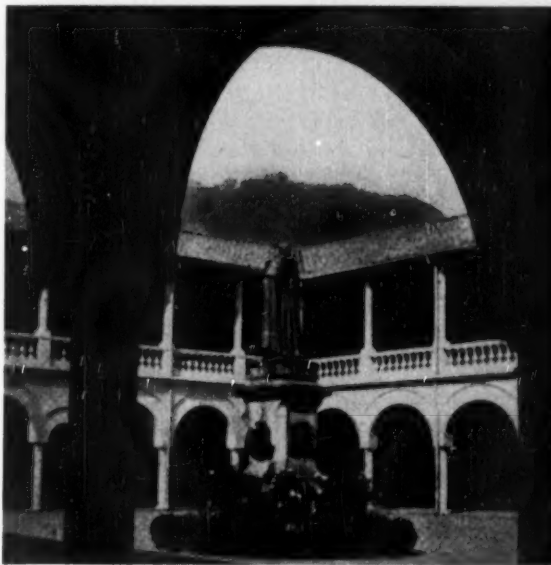
The priests admonished her pathetically to suffer with patience these last impressions with which Providence was testing her resignation, to make a generous effort to pardon her enemies. . . . And while they said this, they had almost to drag her for twenty-five steps. "Very well," La Pola said. "I shall observe your advice in everything except pardoning the Goths. Pardon them? I detest them more than ever! Revenge, fellow citizens, and death to the tyrants!" . . . She walked with firm step to the execution spot; instead of repeating her confessors' words, she only cursed the Spaniards and called for vengeance. . . . In spite of the priests' efforts to drown her voice with their chants, those closest to her heard every word.

Then she was ordered to straddle the stool, for she was to be shot in the back as a traitor. She replied: "That position is neither decent nor proper for a woman; but without doing so, I shall turn my back if you wish." Half kneeling on the stool . . . she was tied with cords, and in this attitude, together with her companions, received a death that has made their name eternal and made the fruits of liberty multiply.

At the foot of his execution stool, Arcos recited this verse:

No temo la muerte
Desprecio la vida
Lamento la suerte
De la patria mía.

I do not fear death
I scorn life on earth
I lament the fate
Of the land of my birth.



Colegio del Rosario, where Policarpa Salavarrieta was confined during her last night on earth

Immediately after the shooting, the eight bodies were taken to the church of the Third Order of St. Francis and dumped into a common grave.

Another anecdote of La Pola's imprisonment, told to the English writer Colonel Hamilton when he visited Bogotá in 1823, exemplifies her generous nature. The story, which he published in his book *Travels Through Interior Provinces of Colombia* in 1827, was told to him by a Colonel García. García was being held in the Colegio del Rosario as a suspect when La Pola was brought in. That night he received an orange in his cell, and found inserted in it a piece of paper on which she had written, "Say you never knew me nor had any communication with me." He followed her advice and thus saved his life.

La Pola's prophecy of vengeance was fulfilled two

years later, when the Battle of Boyacá broke Spain's power in Colombia. The hated Sámano managed to make his way to Panama, where he died on August 3, 1821. Although his and his predecessor's cruelty had achieved temporary submission, in the end it united all groups of Colombians against reconquest.

Today's visitor to Bogotá can follow in Policarpa's path. The victims were marched one block west from the Colegio del Rosario, then four south, to the place of execution on the southwest corner of the Plaza Mayor in front of Sámano's house. La Pola's statue, which stands in the Plaza de las Aguas, shows her on the execution stool, her arms tightly bound, every muscle tensed in

rebellion against her oppressors. Her portraits hang in the National Museum, and a plaque has been placed at the site of her cell in the Colegio.

La Pola's heroism has been celebrated in song and story and no fewer than five plays, the first produced only eight years after her death. On the centenary of her birth her native Guaduas erected a stone shaft to her memory.

Secure as her place in history seemed, she was almost toppled from her pedestal when in 1948 Rafael Marriaga, a Barranquilla lawyer, published a fictional biography of her—*Heroína de Papel* (The Paper Heroine). However, when letters from the Academy of History demanding documentary proof were ignored by the author, his story was discounted. His known authority was the nineteenth-century poet Rafael Pombo, who had made conjectures about La Pola's origins, but without verifying them. Here is Marriaga's story in capsule:

La Pola's father, Joaquín Zalabarrieta, as he spelled the name, made frequent business trips. On one of these, during a fiesta in the village of Quebradanegra, he made love to Gregoria Rodríguez, a young mestizo woman. Their child, born in February 1795, was La Pola. Agustín José and Bibiano were also Gregoria's children, which explains why they were not in Bogotá when Joaquín and Mariana died of smallpox.

When La Pola was twelve she was placed by her mother with the Zaldúa family, who took her to Bogotá. They treated her well, but let her go because of her boldness and impertinence. So she set up as an independent seamstress. At the same time she and Andrés Romero, a Spaniard, started distilling *aguardiente* illicitly. The liquor was distilled in her rooms, and when they were raided and she was carried off to prison, he went scot free. This incident was the basis of her hatred for the Spaniards. The Zaldúa family arranged to have her released and taken to the home of the beautiful Andrea Ricaurte, with whom she made friends.

It was December 1816, and the Terror was in full swing, when La Pola went to Guaduas to her dying mother—that is, Gregoria Rodríguez. On January 7, 1817, she returned to Andrea's Bogotá home, now a guerrilla center, bringing Bibiano with her. She threw herself wholeheartedly into the insurgents' cause and led a gay and loose life as a camp follower. Her romance with Alejo was one more lighthearted affair, and neither considered it an engagement.

Far from marrying La Pola, says Marriaga, Alejo was engaged to Maria Ignacia Valencia, daughter of an aristocratic Popayán family, whom he met while he was with the Army of the South. She followed him to Bogotá and lived in the house directly opposite the Colegio del Rosario; from its balcony she watched him led forth to be shot. A few days afterward she died of tuberculosis.

Whatever future historians may find concerning the origins and romance of Policarpa Salavarrieta, Marriaga's "paper heroine" has been pure gold to generations of Colombians. None can dispute her fortitude and the all-compelling fact that "*lace por salvar la patria.*" ♦ ♦ ♦



Present view of the Bogotá Cathedral as seen from the approximate spot where La Pola was shot in the back as a spy



Statue of Policarpa in Bogotá's Plaza de las Aguas with anagram "She Died to Save Her Country," devised from letters of her name

EMBASSY ROW



Dr. José A. Mora, Uruguay's Ambassador to the United States and the OAS, relaxes with Mrs. Mora and daughter Susana at the Embassy on Massachusetts Avenue. They are well known in Washington, for Dr. Mora has served there six years.



Susana, fifteen, loves horses, wants to visit Arizona after graduating from the Potomac School this year. The fans are part of a large collection belonging to her grandmother.



With home movies, Mrs. Mora keeps a record of their diplomatic travels, which have taken them to Spain, Brazil, Bolivia, and the United Nations.



Mrs. Mora has a fine collection of French and Spanish porcelain vases, only part of which she brought along to Washington.



The Moras add to the charm of the Embassy building with a luxuriant display of tropical plants.

CROPS ON CREDIT

(Continued from page 8)

of the program means to the present and future farmers of Costa Rica. She is a widow with thirteen children. "When I made my first transaction with the Board early in 1951," she says, "I had no property. Several of my sons farmed, but on rented land. With ten thousand colones the Board lent me I bought land of our own, which my sons now work. It makes me realize how sad it is to work on others' land as we used to have to do. We try to meet our obligations to the Board faithfully, for I am very grateful for the help it has given me, and I must keep my name clear, for I want to continue to deal with it, and later my sons will too."

While the lending operations have been decentralized through the network of local offices, work is analyzed and policies set at the central headquarters in the National Bank. Another feature that has been particularly valuable is the continuous advisory service rendered by the agronomist delegates to both the Boards and the individual farmers, with follow-up visits to see how the borrower's work is progressing. Many of the farmers have told of their appreciation of the delegate's suggestions. And as one of them put it, "I like to have him visit me, because that way he can see for himself that I'm not a tramp and that the money is being invested in the work, not in bars."

Before a loan is granted, it must meet these conditions: The amount must not be greater than the cost of the approved project or purchase and must fit the credit standing and productivity of the borrower. The project itself should show good prospects of success, and the term and repayment provisions should be adapted to the form in which the farmer will recover his investment through new production. In granting a loan for planting coffee trees, for example, the local Board would have to take into account the number of years before the new trees would bear fruit and the outlook for the farmer's other crops.

All the loans, of course, reflect the fact that it takes money to be a successful farmer, but the extent to which a person can better himself through the multiplying effect of Board credit and hard work is exemplified in another case history. Mrs. Esperanza Mora de Herrera first borrowed two hundred colones from the Acosta Board in 1942 to buy a cow. "I went to the Board on the advice of the delegate," she recalls. "After I paid off that first debt, I obtained another two hundred colones for growing sugar cane on a farm I had bought, on which I owed a thousand colones. Later the Board lent me the money to pay that off. Giving the farm as collateral, I got another thousand for building my house there. When I began to deal with the Board, my capital was forty-one hundred colones and now I estimate it at fifty thousand. When I acquired the farm its coffee production was only fourteen *cajuelas* [about six bushels] and this year I expect to harvest twenty *fanegas* [about 227 bushels]. My husband and I did the work and made

the improvements on our property with the help of our sons, whom we have been able to give a better education than we had—the eldest has finished his studies in a trade school. Now I hope to increase my savings in order to buy a jeep for taking produce to market and for pleasure trips."

Several of the farmers interviewed suggested that the Rural Credit Boards should also make loans for the purchase of household goods, radios, stoves, and so on, so that they could buy these things without paying high commercial carrying charges and owe all their debts to one creditor, but the Boards have never attempted to branch out into such activities.

The accompanying tables give a measure of the Rural Boards' operations in the last few years, the total value of loans granted from 1937 through June 30, 1952, and the amounts outstanding on the latter date in each class. The balance outstanding was thoroughly covered by obligations not yet due. Payments have kept up to schedule very well, and out of the 113,000,000 colones lent, only 6,723.32 of principal or interest has been lost, and the defaults involved only twenty-five out of 149,995 cases.

CREDIT BOARD OPERATIONS 1949-51

	1949	1950	1951
Number of Boards in operation....	32	33	37
Transactions concluded	15,846	17,752	19,403
Amount lent in year (colones)	13,987,843	16,967,570	21,146,410
Amount repaid in year (colones) ..	9,469,678	12,550,453	16,019,440
Number of new borrowers receiving first service	3,673	3,599	3,869

TOTAL LOANS GRANTED BY CREDIT BOARDS 1937 THROUGH JUNE 30, 1952 —(in colones)

Class of Credit	Amount Loaned	Amount Outstanding June 30, 1952
Crop and Provision Loans	57,800,143	7,968,356
General Financing	13,225,677	5,764,556
Cattle Loans	26,350,368	6,031,347
Rural Development Loans	15,945,585	7,582,013
Total	113,321,773	27,346,272

Mrs. Esperanza Mora de Herrera, whose family prospered with the help of the Acosta Board, chats with Bank inspectors



Since the whole purpose of the program is to fulfill its function of promoting social progress and increasing production, it does not look to make a profit on its dealings. Actually, the widespread service provided, and the careful control over the farmers' use of the money, combined with the low average amount of the loans, cause a deficit on the over-all operation, which is absorbed by the Bank. This deficit has averaged 152,230 colones a year. Loan averages have gone from a low of 251 colones in 1937 to a high of 1,090 in 1951. Considering the individual credit limits, set low because the program is for the benefit of the poorest farmers, and the gradual development of the system as it spread into new areas, it was natural that the single interest charge would not be enough to pay for the costly administrative setup. But the deficit tends to diminish as the organization is completed, the volume of loans granted increases, and the individual credit limit is raised. The low level of that limit was an especially unbalancing factor in the first years of the plan. Until 1943 the individual limit was a thousand colones. It was then raised to six thousand, and subsequent increases have now brought it to twenty thousand, divided equally between short- or medium-term loans, with any kind of guarantee, and medium- or long-term mortgage loans. Meanwhile, the total made available to the Boards for lending rose from 150,000 colones in 1937 to more than thirty million in 1952.

It is difficult to show the effect of this program on the size of the crops grown each year in the country, because it was only in 1951 that the Statistics and Census Bureau began to develop adequate agricultural statistics. But the effectiveness of the Boards' help and the parallel efforts of the STICA (a joint U.S.-Costa Rican technical agricultural service) and the National Production Council is shown by the fact that Costa Rica has passed from the status of an importer of basic consumption goods like rice, corn, beans, sugar, and meat to self-sufficiency in these items, with even small but rising surpluses for export since 1949.

Year by year, the Rural Credit Boards have financed the planting of larger areas of rice, corn, beans, and potatoes, among other crops. True, the financing per

acre also rose, because of the initial cost of applying new cultivation methods, such as the elimination of burning as a way of removing stubble, the control of insect pests, and the use of fertilizer and agricultural machinery. But these measures bring higher yields and lower unit costs of production.

During the last few years the market for agricultural products has shown greater strength, its stability encouraged by a wise policy of price supports developed by the National Production Council. The Council fixes minimum prices for various products for each crop year and buys up what the farmers cannot sell at a better figure. It operates granaries and refrigeration plants for storing the produce, and decides whether to resell its holdings at home or for export. This has given the small farmers the confidence and enthusiasm necessary for them to enlarge their plantings, with the help of loans from the Rural Credit Boards. The controlled use of those funds has been translated into an immediate rise in the country's agricultural production and has brought improvements in farming methods that will permit further progress in the future. The National Production Council also collaborates with the Rural Credit Boards on special programs to stimulate production of certain crops, guaranteeing the farmers' loans for raising the desired produce.

Large-scale farmers, of course, can get loans for similar purposes from the National Bank and commercial banks, paying the administrative costs themselves. But it was something new in Costa Rica for such credit to be extended to small, poor farmers throughout the country. And for once a lender was working to tie the people to the land by giving them property of their own and helping them to enjoy a better life. ♦ ♦ ♦

Poor farm families like this one can get land of their own and better houses by working with Credit Board financial aid





WHEN WAS CARICATURE BORN?

CHILE'S NUMBER ONE caricaturist, Jorge Délano (see "The Barbed Pen of Coke," November 1952 *AMERICAS*), tackled this question in the pages of the Santiago weekly *Nuevo Zig-Zag*:

"It is generally believed that the art of caricature dates only from the time printing was invented, and is thus no more than five centuries old. Therefore, many will be surprised to know that in Egypt during the Twentieth and Twenty-second Dynasties the social and political life of Farouk's ancestors was being skillfully caricatured on papyrus.

"Apparently the Egyptians were the first to get the idea of humanizing animals. In any case, many comical sketches have come down to us, in which crocodiles, monkeys, cats, and mice are shown behaving like humans, which leads us to believe that people acted just as irrationally then as they do now. One of the best of these drawings is on view in the Cairo Museum. With delightful humor, the caricaturist—working three thousand years before the creation of Felix the Cat and Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse—showed the Queen of Mice being reverently served by the King of Cats.

"If we take another jump in time and land in the third century B.C., we will be amazed to find the great Aristotle . . . berating Poson, the most popular of the Greek caricaturists, 'for making men look worse than they are.' And Aristophanes, forgetting that he

was the father of satirical comedy, also attacked this cartoonist, having the chorus in *The Acarnanians* say: 'Never again will you be a plaything of the infamous Poson.' This man's work must have been pretty biting to have aroused the anger of his most brilliant contemporaries.

"But the eternally indiscreet cartoonists were not content with satirizing human beings, and some even dared to look through the keyhole of Olympus. There is still in existence an earthenware vessel decorated with a caricature showing no less a person than Jupiter making love to Alcmena. Not even the private lives of the gods escaped the forerunners of Low and Peter Arno!

"There were caricaturists among the early Christians too, and their work can be seen today in the Roman catacombs. In wavering lines they satirized the pagans and their gods in order to help exterminate polytheistic beliefs.

"If we continue our retrospective journey and take a look at the lugubrious Middle Ages, we will appreciate the gravity of the prevailing neurosis



Psychoanalysis of Notre Dame gargoyle.
—Coke in *Nuevo Zig-Zag*

after studying that era's caricatures of the devil, death, and the cardinal sins chiseled in stone and engraved on wood. A study of the grotesque gargoyles, such as those on the Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, would show how that era was tortured by a preoccupation with death. Terror of hell's torments induced men to ingratiate themselves with the devil and the other officials of that burning concentration camp, which had a sign over the door warning, with praiseworthy frankness, that anyone who entered must abandon all hope of leaving. In case any particularly perspicacious and malicious reader should think I am referring to some totalitarian regime and its supreme chief, I must make it clear that I am speaking only of hell and its ruler, Satan. Any similarity in places or persons is purely coincidental.

"But to go back to the gargoyles, how can we unravel the secret of these marvelous caricatures, mute sentinels of Notre Dame? What do they think of the world they have been watching for centuries from the cornice of a temple of God? Are they perhaps real devils that were petrified before the spectacle of a new Sodom? Let's try to find out; maybe one of them will be less discreet than its ancient Egyptian counterparts and will answer the questions that are worrying us: How was caricature born? Who was the first caricaturist?

"Let's invite our stone monster to stretch out on a couch like a modern dowager while a disciple of Freud opens the floodgates of his sub-

conscious. . . . Let's take note of the words of this Gallic sphinx, no matter how strange they may sound:

"Caricature began the moment Jehovah decided to create man in his image and likeness. We gargoyles know how rapidly and enthusiastically these microscopic beings who think they are gods multiplied and peopled the earth. How can we make them understand that in order to be gods they must begin by renouncing their existence as men? From our observation posts we see them scurrying aimlessly about like mad ants, without knowing or trying to discover where they came from or where they are going."

"And the gargoyle ended his extraordinary statement by assuring the psychiatrist that there have always been and will always be caricaturists in the world, because life is too serious to be taken seriously."



Coke's version of Poson, famous Greek caricaturist, being berated by Socrates and

Aristotle "for making men look worse than they are."—Nuevo Zig-Zag, Santiago, Chile

FOREIGN INFLUENCE?

U.S. MAGAZINES published in Spanish have been causing growing concern among editors south of the border. This editorial appeared in *Mañana*, an oversized, *Life*-type Mexican weekly:

"Liberty and security are not incompatible goals. The first is the most fertile atmosphere for individual and group achievement; the second is the guarantee that ground conquered will be held. A nation must create a happy relationship between these two prerequisites of all progress: freedom, which stimulates personal and national ambition, and security, which allows the results of free activity to take root. . . .

"These reflections are motivated by a letter sent to the President by leading Mexican editors requesting an opportunity to discuss with him the problems raised by foreign magazines published in Spanish and circulated in our country. It is a question, says the letter, of publications prepared in a cultural and social environment very different from Mexico's. . . , an environment in which tremendous financial and technical resources give periodicals unlimited possibilities for distribution. The Latin countries are threatened with a flood of magazines that use the language of Cervantes as a carrier of ideas, customs, and styles

that are not ours. And therein lies the risk.

"In one sense a periodical is a commercial article like any other product of industry; but in another, deeper sense it is a vehicle for getting ideas into the minds of its readers, and therefore is a manipulator of wills. Since ideas are converted into actions, periodicals—like books, radio programs, lectures, and all other verbal or written expressions of thought—exercise a decisive influence over the conduct of individuals and societies. In order that this powerful instrument shall be handled with due respect to the best interests of a given country, the government must guarantee freedom of expression and journalists must accept their tremendous responsibility. But since it is not likely that foreign editors and publishers will feel this responsibility, or that they will be as well acquainted as their local counterparts with the country's particular situation and needs, we must take steps to protect our own ways of thinking and acting. Otherwise the money and distribution facilities of those alien interests would eventually destroy freedom of expression in Mexico by choking out our native publications.

"It is not a question of depriving anyone of the right to say what he

thinks, but simply of making sure that the freedom of the press is used to benefit rather than to harm our people. Even if the foreign periodical is considered a simple piece of merchandise, national publications have the same right to protection as any product facing competition from abroad. But there is more involved here than a tariff problem; there is the duty to protect our people's faith, sentiments, culture, and destiny."

WELCOME MAT

WRITING FROM THE HAGUE for the Rio paper *Diário de Notícias*, Brazilian journalist R. Magalhães Júnior recently pointed out that Brazil is not taking full advantage of a chance to get some valuable new citizens:

"Australia, New Zealand, and Canada are giving Brazil some steep competition in the race to attract Dutch immigrants. They have the edge when it comes to financial prospects and transportation facilities. U.S. ships have been ferrying people and animals from Holland to Melbourne, as the United States is anxious to bolster Australian defenses in order to lighten its own responsibilities in the South Pacific.

"The Dutch who go to Australia . . . must secretly hope they will eventually

manage to re-establish control over . . . their lost possessions in Indonesia. They are farmers who nourish secret warlike dreams and allow themselves to be carried away by their imagination.

"In Australia young immigrants are recruited and given military training. In Brazil they will be given a hoe instead of a gun. . . . Fields instead of barracks await them. Military service is required only of native Brazilians; all immigrants are exempt, even when they are permanent residents. This is the big advantage we have to offer—a tranquil existence, free from participation in defense programs. We should establish immigration agencies in Holland's principal cities, with large signs in their windows reading 'All Dutch immigrants are exempt from military service in Brazil, even in case of war.'

"There are certainly some prospective emigrants who realize the impossibility of maintaining an imperialistic regime, especially when it is a case of a population of ten million trying to dominate one of eighty million. Also, we must remember that the Netherlands was forced into a brutal conflict, invaded, devastated, trampled upon . . . and those who lived through those awful days and the era of Nazi domination that followed could really appreciate Brazil's offer of a peaceful life. Brazilian authorities concerned with these matters would do well to take these facts into account.

"We should take special pains to tell the Dutch about our southern states—Rio Grande do Sul, Santa Catarina, Paraná, São Paulo. They could give lessons on the art of living in the country to the rustic, hardened cattle raisers of our pampas who think enjoying modern comforts like heated homes detracts from their virility.

"Brazil recently got some free advertising in a series of articles written by the Amsterdam journalist Mello Heil about the famous 'Dutch Farm' in São Paulo. There are dozens of Portuguese names like Mello here in Holland. Because of the large Jewish emigration from Portugal (which, incidentally, included Spinoza's father), it is not at all uncommon to encounter Matos, Costas, Rodrigueses, Pereiras, and so on. The modern descendants of those immigrants don't know any

Portuguese, but their names should help them fit more quickly into the Brazilian scene.

"Actually, we are old hands at assimilating newcomers from Holland. Our well-known writers Sérgio and Aurélio Buarque de Holanda trace their ancestry to Dutch immigrants of another era, and our Dutras are descended from Dutch Jews named d'Utrecht, a name later corrupted to D'Utra, and then to its present form (this names does not exist in Portugal).

"I strongly urge that we go after a bigger share of the Dutch emigrants. Thirty thousand are going to Australia every year and only twenty-five hundred to Brazil. And Holland is bulging at the seams."

BLACK GOLD

FROM THE PAGES of *El Heraldo* of Caracas comes an oilman's view of what petroleum has done for Venezuela. The author is Dr. Guillermo Zuloaga, an official of Creole, Venezuelan subsidiary of Standard Oil.

"The petroleum industry here is composed of U.S. and British-Dutch companies, which invested a great deal of capital in what was at first a risky undertaking. In Venezuela, rights to underground wealth belong to the nation and not, as in the United States and other countries, to the owner of the land. This is actually a Spanish tradition dating back to a royal decree of nearly two hundred years ago; its

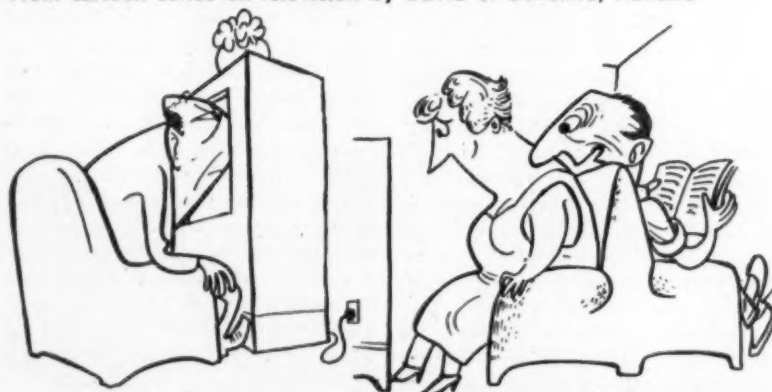
essential provisions were incorporated into the Venezuelan mining laws in 1829.

"Private companies buy petroleum concessions from the government on the chance that they will find enough oil to make their investments pay off. Thus the country takes no monetary risk; it merely grants the right to exploit its underground wealth, confident that those who furnish the capital will run the business efficiently enough so that both they and the nation will benefit. I am pleased to say that the partnership between Venezuela and the foreign companies has stimulated our economy and produced an obvious improvement in our standard of living.

". . . The existence of oil in Venezuela has been known since the days of the Conquest, when the explorers caulked their galleons with asphalt from the natural wells on the shores of Lake Maracaibo. Scarcely nineteen years after the discovery of the famous Drake well in Titusville, Pennsylvania, a small oil company, the first in Venezuela, sank some shallow wells on the slopes of the Andes, and refined enough of the fifteen barrels produced daily to supply the area's kerosene lamps. This company remained in business until 1934.

"The first discoveries of commercial importance on the shores of Lake Maracaibo were made in 1914. The industry is considered to date from 1921, although the output that year was no more than four thousand barrels a day. . . . At that time Venezuela

From cartoon series on television by David of Bohemia, Havana



No se acercan a la pantalla...

Don't get too near the screen

Algunos prefieren un buen libro...

Some prefer a good book

had an agrarian economy. How well the two and a half million inhabitants depended on the success of the coffee, corn, cotton, and cacao crops. Small plants were turning out textiles, cigarettes, beer, and other consumer goods, but not in sufficient quantities to meet everyday needs. Coffee and cacao exports provided only enough foreign exchange to bring in a limited supply of needed articles from abroad. . . .

"The country was going through the same stage that many nations had known before it and that many others are experiencing now. What made this case different was that Venezuela happened to be sitting on huge reserves of petroleum and knew how to use them to good advantage. We had nothing to do with the existence of these reserves, but we did have a lot to do with finding them and using them to help meet the world's constantly growing demand.

"It was recognized about twenty-two years ago that if the nation's rights to this natural resource were to be adequately protected, they must be guarded by Venezuelans thoroughly acquainted with the technical aspects of the industry. To meet this need, technical offices and eventually a separate ministry were created, staffed by petroleum engineers, geologists, specialists in gas storage, and economists. . . . Members of this group have maintained a continuity of judgment and administration that I think has been the most important factor in keeping relations between the government and the oil companies so cordial. There have naturally been differences of opinion, but the discussions have been kept on a technical level and solutions have been found without recourse to political pressure.

"Barrels produced per day rose to 321,000 in 1931, 625,000 in 1941, and 1,700,000 in 1951. Government revenues from this source are now twenty-six times greater than they were thirty years ago. . . .

"By 1942 it was evident that the Venezuelan oil industry was resting on a firm foundation and had found reliable markets for its output. So the government opened negotiations and technical studies for a new hydrocarbons law that would increase taxes

and at the same time settle many technical questions that had cropped up. This law was approved by Congress in 1943. . . . New income tax laws were also passed to make sure that government revenues derived from the petroleum industry came to no less than the net profits of the companies. For example, the net profits of Creole in 1951 were 624,000,000 bolívares [a bolívar is equivalent to about thirty cents], and our payments to the national treasury came to 637,000,000. On this fifty-fifty basis, the government now obtains about 60 per cent of its income from petroleum, and the amount keeps growing as the industry develops.



To Brazilian tourists, back home with sarape, sombrero, etc.: "Which of the countries you visited did you like best?"—O Cruzeiro, Rio

"This rapid increase in revenues would not have improved the welfare of the nation if it had not been backed up by a firm determination to use the money for the things Venezuela needed urgently—highways, schools, airports, hospitals, aqueducts, improved port facilities, rural and urban electrification, sewage systems, low-cost housing, playgrounds, credit banks for farmers and businessmen, irrigation, reforestation, modernization of public buildings, and so on.

"The country's needs were so great they could not be met overnight, but it is gratifying to see how doctors, engineers, and technicians of all types have been working continuously to answer them. The feverish rate of construction in Venezuela today is proof of the all-out effort to make the best possible use of our prosperity. One example of what has been accomplished is that in 1938 we had about 1,900 miles of year-round highways, while

today we have a network totaling 6,200 miles. . . .

"Although much progress has been made toward industrialization in the last ten years, the country is still far from self-sufficient when it comes to consumer goods, and the great majority of industrial products must still be imported. This puts a lot of pressure on the petroleum industry, for it supplies most of the foreign exchange used to purchase these imports. However, the wealth petroleum is producing is rapidly stimulating other manufacturing activities, which will eventually lessen the nation's dependence on this one product.

"We who are directly connected with the oil companies are keenly aware of the urgent need to develop other industries. Creole, for example, has a group of specialists whose only job is to work on this problem. Moreover, since petroleum enterprises use all kinds of products, they are inevitably contributing to the diversification of industry. Creole's policy is to buy everything it needs in Venezuela, so long as the prices and quality are reasonably satisfactory. In 1951, for instance, we bought thirty-one million bolívares' worth of products from a thousand Venezuelan firms. Still more help is provided for the nation's agriculture and industries by the sale at low prices of large quantities of petroleum derivatives. . . .

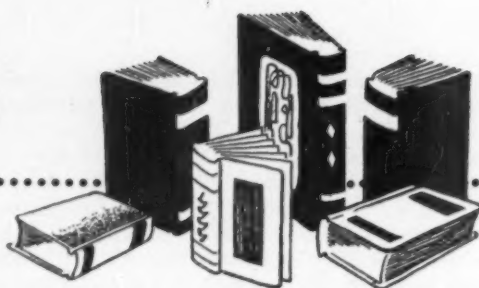
"At the end of 1951 the oil companies had invested well over seven billion bolívares in Venezuela, including 710,000,000 in schools, hospitals, and other facilities for their employees. The industry has even been a factor in changing the social structure of the country, as it has helped to promote the growth of a middle class.

"In recounting Venezuela's amazing economic development over the past thirty years and pointing to the undeniable benefits this has brought the people, I don't want to give the impression that poverty and misery have been eliminated. There is still a long way to go, but the future is bright."

Answers to Quiz on page 47

1. Curaçao. 2. Picador. 3. Barranquilla.
4. San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge.
5. Brazil. 6. Alicia Alonso. 7. Balsa.
8. Rio de Janeiro. 9. Chile. 10. 3,200 ft.

BOOKS



DALI IN VERSE

"INTRODUCTORY WORDS are undesirable and opaque in a book of poems, in which a resounding postlude may be more appropriate, as happens after a great silence in orchestral performances. The man who writes the earth-bound prologue runs the risk of finding himself spatially absent, no matter how hard he tries to approach." José Joaquín Silva tells us this in his introduction to *Febrero*, by the new Ecuadorean poet Eduardo Félix. So I ask myself, what about the critic—the author not of preliminary but rather of subsequent words, who seeks distance rather than closeness in order to see the poet as a whole? His role must be a sad one!

As with any book of poetry, we take Eduardo Félix's, open it, and begin to read it carefully, scrupulously, and expectantly. That was how I looked at it, above all with expectation, seeking subtlety in it, hoping to be transferred to the real unreality of poetry.

<i>Un día entero</i>	A complete day
<i>un día</i>	A day
<i>como una rama de ciprés.</i>	Like a cypress branch.
<i>Porque hace mucho tiempo</i>	Because for a long time
<i>no he elevado cometas</i>	I have not flown kites
<i>sino apenas</i>	But only
<i>palabras,</i>	Words,
<i>tenía muchas cosas</i>	I had many things
<i>que escribir.</i>	To write.

Those words full of simplicity, "day," "cypress branch," "kites," punctuated by that confession "I had many things to write," would seem to open the path to pages of almost childlike purity and talent. It is what we wanted and hoped to find in Félix's work.

<i>Parece haber</i>	There seems to be
<i>algo más que la noche</i>	Something more than the night
<i>en la noche.</i>	In the night.

Here is a simplicity that at first sight might seem to be a mere play of words, but words that, as in some of Gertrude Stein's verses, are full of subtlety and profundity that invite us to travel through the world of fantasy and poetic truth.

<i>Ahora sí</i>	Yes, now
<i>puedo sentarme</i>	I can sit down
<i>a la puerta del día</i>	At the day's door
<i>y ver las horas</i>	And see the hours
<i>que regresan</i>	Returning
<i>cargadas de lugares íntimos</i>	Laden with intimate places,
<i>como el dolor que envía</i>	Like sorrow, who sends
<i>sus hijos</i>	Her children
<i>a la escuela</i>	To school
<i>para verlos volver convertidos</i>	And sees them return changed
<i>en letras.</i>	Into letters.

This picture fills us with desolation and inevitable nostalgia for all memories. It is a bare image, stripped of

any pompous dress, but one that precisely because of its verbal virginity, its childlike austerity of expression, stirs a deep feeling in us.

*... es fácil inventarse
un vidrio
de nostalgia.*

*... A glass
Of nostalgia
Is easy to invent.*

Eduardo Félix completes his book with this same melancholy, this melancholy optimism—and every poet is a melancholy optimist since he transforms and is capable of transforming reality into his real illusion.

But when the author ceases to invent his glass with spontaneity and harmony, we begin to feel a contradiction that leaves us confused and dissatisfied.

*Es un atardecer
plomizo como el entierro
de una lombriz,
un atardecer
con las cejas y los ojos
podridos.*

*It is a lead-gray
Dusk like the interment
Of an earthworm.
A dusk
With its eyebrows and its eyes
Putrid.*

While these lines aspire to a kind of surrealism and make us think of a painting by Dali, we find in them that same facile and capricious sensationalism we often see in that painter's work. So doubt is cast on that first impression of simplicity and ingenuous sincerity, expressed in the lines "I had many things to write."

We all have many things to write. But above all, we all have many things not to write. The poet, the author who is the master of his art, the tamer of rhyme, the

Illustration by Eduardo Félix from book of his own poetry, *Febrero*





Drawing of deadly
tsetse fly, from
Insects. Below: face
of robber fly

type aphid from New York State. In the South, the season is longer and they work harder. Another devotee of six-legged calculus has figured out that if all the descendants of one pair of flies operated with the same single-mindedness, by cold weather the earth would be covered with flies to a depth of forty-seven feet.

There are bugs with and without wings, with hard, soft, and medium shells, and with none at all. Some depend on darting movement to survive, others must rely on looking like bark or a leaf. They are equipped with jaws, saws, drills, springs, snorkels, vibrators, hooks, claws, horns, rattles, rasps, clamps, and hypodermics. Chemical warfare by sting or stench is an old story to some. Others have built-in compressors to operate their private air-conditioning systems. They are more wildly varied in design and color than any other single category of life. They live everywhere—under water, on the surface, on and in the earth, in grass, trees, bushes, rocks, snow, and mud, and in the air. However, they have one thing in common. They are all hungry, and therein lies the terror, for most of them eat or otherwise destroy things that mankind needs desperately. They gobble up unimaginable quantities of wood, fruit, wool, cotton, silk, berries, vegetables, leaves, leather, meat, and grains. One chapter of this engaging book begins on an itchy note: "Every minute of the day and night billions of insects are chewing, sucking, biting, and boring away at our crops, livestock, timber, gardens, homes, mills, warehouses, and ourselves."

But there is a cheerier side for the narrow-minded who object to being drowned seven fathoms deep in flies. Insects also eat each other. They kill each other off with abandon and imagination, both to feed themselves and as a food supply for future generations, which are in turn preyed upon by still other multilegged appetites.

Full credit is also given to such pillars of the community as bees and silkworms, whom everybody knows and admires, as well as to *Tetrastichus asparagi*, known only to entomologists and asparagus gardeners. This miniature wasp eats most of the eggs she can find of the destructive asparagus beetle, reserving a few in

which to lay her own eggs. But *Tetrastichus* has specialized far beyond such simple matters as diet and incubation. Impatient over the millennia with the care-free role played by the male, she simply evolved him out of existence, and continues to lay her unfertilized eggs, which produce only females. Subversive, to say the least.

Other bugs, such as the human botfly, show a virtually bureaucratic instinct for doing things through channels. Instead of hunting up a human being and laying her eggs on him, she heads for a mosquito-infested swamp, seizes a female mosquito, lays her eggs on the underside of its body, and departs. The mosquito hunts the human being, whose body heat hatches the eggs, and the tiny larvae dig happily in.

Insects, which incidentally is a beautifully designed and illustrated book, also devotes much useful space to instructions for combatting harmful insects, and a chapter to proper techniques of collecting and preserving insect specimens.

Altogether a remarkable book and one that makes nuclear fission and chain reaction seem pretty tame stuff.—*Scott Seegers*

INSECTS, THE YEARBOOK OF AGRICULTURE. Washington, U.S. Department of Agriculture, 1952. 780 p. and 72 plates. \$2.50



THE TOWN THAT CHOCOLATE BUILT

(Continued from page 15)

taking business courses and also sings in the glee club and plays the clarinet in the school orchestra.

"I'll show you our assembly hall," he said, "and then I'll take you up to the gym." We entered a large auditorium where the students present both original productions and the works of leading playwrights every year. The hall has other uses too. A few days before, it had been the scene of a political debate between two six-student teams, representing the Republican and Democratic parties. And every Sunday morning, required non-sectarian religious services are held there, since religion is considered indispensable in the life of every child. The boys also attend the services of their own churches in the town. Firmly convinced that freedom of religion must be translated into the building of places of worship, Hershey contributed to the construction and maintenance of churches of various denominations.

Next we went to the gymnasium, where school teams practice basketball, boxing, and other sports. As in all well-balanced educational programs, athletic activities are emphasized because of their role in physical development and character formation. The youngsters compete every year with the strongest high-school teams in the state, and often come off the victors. The gym is also used for occasional dances, attended by girls from the town. Joel told me that the school is anxious for the boys to lead a normal social life, and the foster parents even help the older ones to give small parties, either in the homes or at the school. Under the gymnasium is the swimming pool.

The school also encourages an interest in music, and, in addition to the orchestra, it has a band, various choruses, and a quartet. Still more opportunities for extracurricular activities are offered by the boy-scout troop, the hunting club, and classes in photography, scenery designing, and painting.

I asked Joel if there were any organization designed to take care of differences or difficulties that might arise among the students. "We have a student senate," he answered, "with a representative from each farm. And when a particularly difficult problem comes up, the senators ask the advice of the Director of Home Life."

We went up to the second floor and entered the dental clinic, where three students were having their teeth taken care of to the music of a smooth Viennese waltz. Having a personal aversion to the humming of the drill, which was not entirely drowned out, I left there in a hurry.

Next we went to the library, where boys of assorted ages were busily consulting textbooks and dictionaries, and then crossed the hall to the well-equipped physics, chemistry, and biology labs. After that Joel took me into the room where his business courses are held. I cast a practiced eye over the typewriters resting under covers and thought I could smell their characteristic operating odor—a mixture of ink and oil. Back in the corridor, Joel explained that the long rows of doors on both sides led into the various classrooms.

The tour was over, and we went down to John Hershey's office. I asked him what the boys did during vacations. "Some go to visit relatives and invite friends to go with them," he told me; "others go to the nearby Boy Scout camp at the school's expense."

"How do the boys get a start in life after they have finished their studies?" was my next question. "Besides any funds his parents may have left him," Mr. Hershey replied, "each student leaves with a year's supply of clothing, a hundred dollars for initial expenses, and a job. Because of our boys' reputation for industriousness and good character, we have no trouble placing them. In addition, the school gives them its moral support for ten years, and tries to solve any problems that may arise in this period. But come here to the window. The boys are just getting out of class. Look at them and see whether you agree with the old idea that orphans are different from other children."

His words reminded me of a disagreeable sight I had seen in other places—long lines of uniformed children marching through the streets. The scene before my eyes was in sharp contrast; here was a group of strapping, uninhibited lads with ready smiles and wearing clothes of every color in the rainbow.

That evening I got further insight into what Milton S. Hershey had tried to do. A company official told me, "I don't come from this part of the country. I came here only three years ago, but now I wouldn't go anywhere else even if I were offered a better position. I feel that by working in the factory I am serving a cause that is worth any sacrifice." And indirectly, of course, those who gorge themselves on Hershey bars are also benefactors of their less fortunate brothers.

I realize that the tone of this article may be considered excessively enthusiastic, and I do not wish to sound prejudiced. The truth is that I tried to find faults in the system, and there didn't seem to be any. I asked Mr. Thural Brehm, who took me on the tour of the farms, about this. "Our organization has its flaws just like any other human undertaking," he replied with absolute sincerity, "and we are trying our best to eliminate them. But our results with the boys are certainly not 100 per cent successful. Most of them really go places; a few scarcely manage to get along."

Hershey's paternalism is sometimes criticized, and he is accused of having imposed his will on a community. But in view of the steadily growing numbers of people who choose to live there and of the many applications for admission to the orphanage, which will soon force it to expand its facilities to accommodate fifteen hundred boys, it is probably more accurate to say that the philanthropist correctly interpreted the aspirations of some of his fellow citizens.

History records thousands of examples of tenacity, heroic effort, strength, and talent; but only a few instances of success converted into a living monument of civic-mindedness. Milton S. Hershey died in 1945 at the age of eighty-eight, as poor as he was born, after having given his enormous fortune to the community and to the generations of boys he adopted. ♦ ♦ ♦

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



Ecuador became the fourteenth member country of the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences when Dr. José R. Chiriboga (seated, center), the new Ecuadorean Ambassador to the United States and to the OAS, deposited his government's instrument of ratification of the convention that established the center. Cuba had joined a few weeks before. Founded in 1944, the Institute carries on research to improve farming methods and trains agricultural students in the latest techniques at its experiment station at Turrialba, Costa Rica. Beside Ambassador Chiriboga as he signs are OAS Council Chairman René Lépervanche Pararcén of Venezuela (left) and Secretary General Alberto Lleras. Looking on in the rear are (from left) Assistant Secretary General, William Manger; Dr. Benjamin Peralta, Minister Counselor of the Ecuadorean Embassy; and Dr. Manuel Canyes, chief of the PAU legal division.

Eight trainees of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development—representing South Africa, Australia, Egypt, Syria, India, France, Chile, and Austria—called at the Pan American Union during their stay in Washington. OAS officials briefed them on the organization's activities.



The late Chilean Ambassador to the OAS, Félix Nieto del Río (left), presented his country's Bernardo O'Higgins Order of Merit in the rank of Commander to Maury A. Bromsen of the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs. The decoration was conferred in recognition of Mr. Bromsen's service as executive secretary of the Medina Centennial Celebration sponsored by the PAU and the Library of Congress. The three-day symposium honoring the Chilean historian and bibliographer José Toribio Medina was opened by Chilean professor Guillermo Feliú Cruz (seated, right), who came as a guest of the State Department.



Interested spectators at the opening of the recent one-man show at the Pan American Union of works by Uruguayan artist Adolfo Halty-Dubé (left) included his country's Ambassador, Dr. José A. Mora (center), and John Dreier, U.S. Representative on the OAS Council. The majority of the pieces exhibited were paintings, but the most unusual were examples of a new three-dimensional abstract form of composition in a variety of materials, accentuated by changing patterns of colored lights. Halty-Dubé plans to experiment with this technique on a mural scale. Trained also as an architect, he has done many stage sets, some of which were represented in the show by scale models.

WHAT PROGRESS TOWARD U. S. RACIAL HARMONY? *(Continued from page 5)*

integrate the American Negro troops stationed in Europe.

President Roosevelt's famous Executive Order 8802, creating the Fair Employment Practices Committee on June 25, 1941, helped pave the way for significant gains in Negro employment. The federal FEPC lasted for five years, and its final report stated:

Two fundamentally hopeful facts developed out of the Government's efforts to open wartime opportunities to all workers:

1. Employers and workers abandoned discrimination in most cases where Government intervened.
2. Once the barriers were down, the workers of varying races and religions worked together efficiently and learned to accept each other without rancor.

FEPC during its five years satisfactorily settled nearly five thousand cases by peaceful negotiation, including forty strikes caused by racial differences. During the last year of the war, FEPC held fifteen public hearings and docketed a total of 3,485 cases, settling 1,191 of them. These settlements were not publicized and generally escaped attention. The contrary impression, that FEPC normally met with unyielding opposition, was created by the comparatively few difficult cases which received emphasis through public hearings and public expressions of defiance by some recalcitrant employers and unions.

In fact, the bulk of FEPC's useful work was accomplished by the quiet persuasion of its regional representatives assigned to fifteen regional and subregional offices located in major industrial centers.

That is not to say that persuasion alone can end discrimination. The employer's need for war workers, or his patriotism, or dislike of exposure, each in its respective situation, was a powerful incentive to stop discrimination. The practice, however, seldom disappeared spontaneously. The intervention of a third party, with authority to act if necessary, was required to start the process in motion.

The Negro writer Robert Weaver also pointed out that during the war the Negro "secured more jobs at better wages and in a more diversified occupational and industrial pattern than ever before."

Many of these gains have been consolidated during the postwar period, despite President Truman's inability to persuade Congress to enact legislation for a permanent FEPC. By 1949 ten legislatures had created state fair employment practices committees: New York, New Jersey, Indiana, and Wisconsin in 1945; Massachusetts in 1946; Connecticut in 1947; Washington, Oregon, New Mexico, and Rhode Island in 1949. A number of cities, including Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Milwaukee, also enacted similar legislation. On November 24, 1952, it was officially reported that "one third of the people of the United States are already covered by fair employment practices laws which can be enforced by the courts."

Moreover, Negro workers have been admitted to labor unions in vastly increasing numbers during recent years. The first great impetus came with the organization of the CIO only seventeen years ago. By 1940, according to Dr. E. Franklin Frazier, author of *The Negro in the United States*, some 210,000 Negroes were members of CIO unions. Lloyd H. Bailer, labor-relations consultant, gave a complete picture of the position of Negro workers



Committees of the National Conference of Christians and Jews have helped break down discrimination against Negro workers



Weekly interracial meetings of young people with common interests grew out of St. Louis Intergroup Youth Conference, attended by over a thousand students from twenty-four high schools

in organized labor at the previously mentioned conference held at Howard University in 1951:

The history of the Negro worker's relations with the labor movement has not been an altogether happy one. In some sections of industry certain labor organizations have traditionally restricted employment opportunities for their darker brethren. Union policies toward racial minorities have undergone rapid improvement in recent years, however, especially since 1945. At the present writing official policies of exclusion or other types of restrictions are largely confined to the railroad unions, and even the latter have suspended the application of such policies in the . . . FEPC states.

On the other hand, many unions have always accepted Negroes on a basis of complete equality and some have aggressively sought the advancement of Negro workers within their jurisdiction. The current trend is all in this direction, leaving the remaining discriminatory organizations very much on the defensive.

Progress in race relations has also been furthered in recent years by a series of decisions handed down by the U.S. Supreme Court and other tribunals. The cases have dealt with civil rights in education, politics, housing, and transportation. Most of these legal victories have been won by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Founded forty-three years ago by the Negro scholar W. E. B. Du Bois and an interracial group of liberals,



The UN's adoption of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights was commemorated by a special program at the Metropolitan Opera House. Chatting during intermission are Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Ambassador Nasrollah Entezam of Iran, and contralto Marian Anderson



Union policies toward workers belonging to racial minorities have been improving in recent years

the NAACP serves as official spokesman for the American Negro in his fight against segregation, disfranchisement, lynchings, and inequality. Since the death of James Weldon Johnson in 1938, Walter White has been its executive secretary. Its branches in many cities keep it in constant touch with the interracial situation all over the country. Through political action (though it is usually nonpartisan) and publicity, and especially through the courts, it has played a major role in this crusade for justice.

In the suits involving education, the Association's brilliant legal staff, headed by Thurgood Marshall, first concentrated on the admission of qualified Negroes to the law schools of southern state-supported universities. The Appellate Court of Maryland ruled in 1936 that Donald Murray should be admitted to the law school of the University of Maryland. Two years later the U.S. Supreme Court decreed in the case of *Gaines vs. the University of Missouri* that public educational opportunities available to one race must be made available to all. Similar cases in Oklahoma, Texas, and other southern states were argued and won. The handwriting on the wall was clear. In Texas the whole fallacy of "separate but equal" schools—which the South had used to give some semblance of legality to its segregated educational system—was challenged by the ruling that a "separate" law school for Negro students could not possibly be "equal." Despite considerable clamor, several state universities in the South accepted the rulings with no serious repercussions. More important still, the University of Arkansas admitted first one, then a second, Negro student to its medical school without being forced to do so by any court decision. Several other encouraging signs have appeared on the education front. In the last decade previously segregated public schools in a number of cities have been ordered to integrate. In some instances this directive may have been by-passed, but in others it has been carried out with a minimum of friction. At present the Supreme Court of the United States is considering several cases that may determine the legality of separate schools, cases that seem to have proved more disturbing to the governors of Georgia and

South Carolina than to the U.S. public at large. It should be noted, incidentally, that the attitude of young people in the matter of admitting Negroes to white colleges is more liberal than that of their elders—and here we have one of the most hopeful signs in the whole picture. Various polls taken in some southern colleges and universities have indicated that student bodies favor the admission of Negroes. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt relates an experience that seems typical. After speaking on human rights to a group of college students, she was approached by a young girl from South Carolina who said: "Mrs. Roosevelt, I agree with everything you say, but how can I convince my parents?"

According to Dr. Ambrose Caliver of the U.S. Office of Education, between 1940 and 1949 seventy-two northern colleges employed 133 colored teachers. A few notable examples of this new trend are W. Allison Davis, professor of education at the University of Chicago, who has been guest professor at the University of California at Berkeley and at Columbia; Sterling Brown, professor of English at Howard, who has been visiting professor at NYU and at Vassar; J. Saunders Redding, professor of English at Hampton Institute, who has served as guest professor at Brown; John Hope Franklin, professor of history at Howard, who has been guest professor at Harvard; Ira De A. Reid, professor of sociology at Haverford College; Ralph Bunche, who accepted a professorship at Harvard and later resigned to continue in his vital post at the United Nations. In 1951 Dr. Bunche declined an offer of the presidency of City College in New York.

Still another recent development of far-reaching importance to the Negro was the huge migration of colored families during World War II. They left the South, where educational facilities for their children are admittedly inferior, to obtain better jobs for themselves and better schools for their offspring in the industrial cities of the North, East, and West.

In politics as in education, the southern Negro had been handicapped. On one pretext or another, he had been denied the vote in most southern communities, and when the pretexts failed, intimidation was often resorted



Southern civic and religious leaders at University of Kentucky Seminar on Intergroup Relations

to. Even when he was allowed to vote in the national election, he was usually prevented from casting his ballot in the Democratic primary, the only election that mattered in the one-party Southland. Here again the U.S. Supreme Court came to the rescue; in 1944 it ruled that "the exclusion of Negroes from the Texas Democratic primary was a violation of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution." In 1947, a courageous South Carolina federal judge, J. W. Waring, outlawed a move to circumvent this Supreme Court ruling. Thus the way was legally cleared to give the southern Negro a voice in the selection of public officials. The weight of the northern Negro vote in close elections was recognized in 1944 and 1948. Today more and more Negroes in the southern cities are free to vote for the candidate who, in their judgment, will place the Republic above the Republican Party, and Democracy above the Democrats.

While the move northward helped many Negroes to improve their position economically, educationally, and politically, in numerous urban communities it intensified a housing shortage that was already acute for both races. Touched off by prejudice, the outburst of mob violence in Cicero, Illinois, the year before last revealed the explosive possibilities of the situation. As yet this tremendously difficult problem is far from solved, but some relief has been provided by the 1948 Supreme Court ruling on restrictive covenants and by public housing projects. Speaking at the Howard University conference on integration, a member of the Citizens Housing and Planning Council of New York City, Charles Abrams, declared:

Public housing projects in New York City, Philadelphia, New Haven, Los Angeles, Chicago, Pittsburgh, and Seattle—to name some of the cities—have proved that whites and blacks can get along just as well as whites and whites or blacks and blacks. These mixed housing projects have had little or no attention in newspapers or magazines. For some years the local housing authorities were reluctant to publicize the success of their ventures, possibly through fear of what southern Congressmen would say about their use of a federal subsidy. Yet here in the housing program is represented the most important gain in the struggle for racial equality since the Civil War.



Judge William H. Hastie, first Negro federal judge and former Governor of the Virgin Islands

Space limitations will not permit detailed consideration of all the advances in this campaign to make our country a more perfect democracy. The gains are particularly impressive because they have occurred on so many different fronts. The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled against segregation in interstate travel and against discrimination in dining cars. Every respectable southern newspaper condemns the excesses of the Ku Klux Klan, excesses that escape punishment less regularly today than twenty years ago. Lynchings, once the nation's greatest shame, have steadily declined. The presence of Negro students at West Point and Annapolis—a rarity two decades ago—is now a matter of course. Because of the rapid absorption of colored athletes into the mainstream of U.S. sports, amateur and professional, E. B. Henderson declares in the preface to the second edition of *The Negro in Sports* that a third edition will perhaps be unnecessary.

"Beginnings of integration of the Negro in medicine have appeared in medical education, in hospital operation, and in medical organizations," says Dr. W. Montague Cobb of Howard University's College of Medicine, who has labored zealously and effectively to help achieve these improved conditions for colored medical students, interns, and physicians. Hollywood, which until 1945 almost always portrayed the Negro as clown, coward, or mammy, has varied the pattern in such recent films as *Home of the Brave*, *Intruder in the Dust*, and *No Way Out*. In the U.S. novel, though romantic nonsense is still being written about "the good old plantation days," much of it has "gone with the wind" after the onslaught of realistic white southern writers like Lillian Smith, Erskine Caldwell, William Faulkner, and Bucklin Moon. Furthermore, Negro novelists like Willard Motley, Ann Petry, Richard Wright, and Frank Yerby have made the best-seller lists, and a colored girl, Gwendolyn Brooks, has won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry.

This article is being written in 1952, exactly one hundred years after the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Today, as in 1852, the treatment of the U.S. Negro attracts world attention. Today, as then, many things still need to be corrected, for it is not easy to change men's hearts or their prejudices. But today, thanks to the recent acceleration of the democratic process, we are closer to the realization of the American Dream than Harriet Beecher Stowe, Alexis de Tocqueville, and most of their contemporaries would have thought possible within a single century. The least that can be said is that the record of the past two decades justifies prudent and prayerful optimism. ♦ ♦ ♦

GOITIA PAINTS FOR HIS PEOPLE

(Continued from page 11)

his tours through the museums of the Old World left an ever unsatisfied yearning for technical perfection. As soon as he exchanged gun for paintbrush, his revolutionary experiences led him to express his recent emotions on canvas. But the definitive pattern of his life was set by his meeting with Manuel Gamio.

Their common passion for archeology drew them



Old Man on a Rubbish Heap, painted in 1926

together. A man of enormous learning, Gamio held, successively or simultaneously, various professorships at the National Museum of History and the National Academy of Fine Arts. He was director of the International School of American Archeology, as he now is of the Inter-American Indian Institute. He was the author of a long list of works on anthropology and archeology, many of which have been translated into English. Goitia seemed to him an ideal partner in his enthusiasm for an Indian revival, and he commissioned some paintings of the landscape and people of the San Juan Teotihuacan valley.

This was 1918, when the excavations there were uncovering one of the richest archeological zones on the continent. The effect on Goitia of this assemblage of pyramids, monuments, sculptures, and paintings created by his ancestors can only be compared to a psychological trauma. In a very short space of time he completed a remarkable series of pictures that proved him one of the most powerful personalities in the contemporary school and the one with the deepest understanding of the real Mexican character.

But legend says that the gods take vengeance on those who dare penetrate their secrets. Soon afterward, Francisco Goitia became gravely ill. A nervous ailment first made all systematic work impossible, and little by little produced an obsession that seriously reduced his creative powers. The austerity bordering on asceticism that had

always characterized him led him down inexplicable paths of thought to the conviction that all art sold to the public is dishonest art, that he could extol his race only by painting without commercial objectives of any kind. That the only owner his paintings could have was the people themselves, whence they sprang; in other words, the government of Mexico, representing the people. Ever since, his chief support, sometimes scanty but always forthcoming, has been provided by the government, under such guises as "teacher's salary" (he is on the payroll of the National Institute of Fine Arts) or "pension." Private citizens also help him out from time to time.

In 1925 he went to Oaxaca to live with one of the purest of native Mexican peoples. All his time there was devoted to picturing the dispossessed, the men of a marginal Mexico. These are pictures of beggars, of the sick and wounded; scenes of the Revolution glimpsed through a prism of sorrow and misery. Nightmare and tragedy envelop the production of those years.

Among these works was *Tata Jesucristo*, one of the best known and most influential canvases in all Mexican painting, now in the collection of the National Museum of Plastic Arts. It is a relatively small oil, about forty-two inches by thirty-three, with only two figures—a man and a woman at an Indian wake. Sober in composition, it amazes the beholder with its emotion: a desperate invocation of the supreme "*tata*," the father of all crea-



Indian Dances, pastel, 1918-25. Goitia may spend years on a picture, that pours out from a seemingly insupportable sadness, the sadness of final separation, of losing the son who was the main reason for living and the only source of faith in an infinitely sorrowful existence.

In coloring, it is equally sober. The paleness of the shabby garments—grayish white for the man, whitish yellow for the woman—emphasizes the dark hues of Indian flesh. The woman's face is buried in her hands, between which her long hair flows like a river of shadows. That hopeless gesture of her hands, that foot jutting out from the shapeless skirt, are more eloquent



Self-Portrait, Mexico's National Institute of Fine Arts sponsored large Goitia show in 1950

than any face. The man beside her, his eyes sunken with weeping, wears an expression of unbearable suffering; his hands twitch, whether in prayer or to choke off the blasphemy of a protest we cannot tell.

Of all Goitia's works, this is surely the most celebrated. For many, Francisco Goitia is above all the author of *Tata Jesucristo*. It sums up his identification with that "sorrow of the race" he talks about. Alongside it should be ranged the enormously varied notes and charcoal, pastel, and water-color sketches that are the result of his sojourn among the ancient temples and pyramids of Teotihuacán.

Not only the dispersion but probably the loss or even the destruction of his Teotihuacán-period works and others of the periods immediately before and after were forestalled when the Ministry of Public Education collected them. They were safe—but almost no one saw them, except for a tiny circle of admirers, until 1936 or 1937. Then Mrs. Inés Amor, now director of a major gallery and one of the people to whom Mexican art owes the most, brought them out of the shadows in an effort to get the then Minister of War to commission Goitia to do a large mural for the Ministry. She succeeded in arousing his interest, but through no fault of theirs the project fell through. Two sketches are all that survive.

An exhibition of Goitia's work was held in Washington in 1924, when Manuel Gamio was invited to give some lectures at the Carnegie Institution. There was another, and almost complete, exhibition at the Palace of Fine

Arts in Mexico City in 1946. But Goitia, faithful to the line of conduct he had adopted, has taken scarcely any part in the events designed to make him known in Mexico, the United States, and wherever Mexican contemporary painting is esteemed and studied. For some years he has lived in Xochimilco, the village near Mexico City whose picturesque canals plied by flower-trimmed boats have made it a tourist center. But Francisco Goitia has nothing to do with the Xochimilco frequented by the tourists; he lives apart from the places they visit, among the poorest of country people, leading the hard existence of those deprived of all that others consider the barest necessities. He has never married. An Indian woman attends to his simple wants.

Some years have passed since he painted his *Self-Portrait*, in which everything—from the air of unalterable serenity to the headdress—is Indian, and nothing recalls the art student in Italy or the Barcelona bohemian. At seventy, Goitia now bears little resemblance to this elegant Indian with the unforgettably sad expression. But the difference is only on the outside. In heart and mind he is the same Francisco Goitia who, on laying down his arms, dedicated his life to telling the story of his people. ♦ ♦ ♦

WANT TO STUDY ABROAD?

This year the University of Havana is again offering scholarships to its summer session to U.S. citizens with a B.A. or B.S. degree from a recognized institution and a working knowledge of Spanish. They will be awarded through the Pan American Union's Division of Education, which will supply full information and application blanks on request. The deadline for receipt of applications is May 15, 1953.

SERVICE FOR STUDENTS

The Oficina de Intercambio Estudiantil in Mexico City, under the direction of Dr. Gabino A. Palma, will secure room and board with Mexican families for U.S. students and with U.S. families for Mexican students, on a family-to-family reciprocal basis. Every effort is made to arrange these exchanges between students of the same age, sex, and academic level, and between families that enjoy similar academic backgrounds and living standards. Applications may be directed to Dr. Palma, Monterrey 381, Colonia Roma Sur, Mexico, D.F., Mexico, or to the Education Division of the Pan American Union for transmittal to him. All applicants should include pictures of themselves and, if possible, of their homes, as well as letters from their parents stating their willingness to cooperate.

DANCING GAUCHOS (Continued from page 19)

Ensemble and ballroom dancing has been most prevalent among Brazilian gauchos, but some traces of the old "separated couple dances" can still be found in Rio Grande do Sul: the *tatú*, for example, with the finger snapping so typical of the Peninsula; the *tirana de dois*, enriched by simulated courting and brightened at times by waving kerchiefs. Moreover, in some Rio Grande do Sul dances there is a curious hybrid blending of early *zapateados* and ensemble dancing. In the *balaio*, for example, born of an old Brazilian *lundú*, the couples begin by forming two circles—men outside, women inside—turning in opposite directions, as in the *dames au milieu*, *chevaliers autour* of French quadrilles. At a given moment they release each other's hands, the men do a *zapateado* before their partners, and the accordion player moves the instrument's bellows more slowly, singing:

<i>Balaio, meu bem, balaio,</i>	The basket, darling, the basket,
<i>sinhá,</i>	Milady,
<i>balaio do coração.</i>	Basket of my heart.
<i>Moça que não tem balaio,</i>	A girl without a basket,
<i>sinhá,</i>	Milady,
<i>bota a costura no chão.</i>	Puts her sewing on the floor.

The dance is characterized chiefly by the girls' rapid spinning on their heels while the calico skirts puff up. When the accordion player reaches "Puts her sewing on the floor," the *gauchinhas* bend at the knees, so that their skirts resemble a basket.

The gaucho's typical flair for theatrics finds in the *zapateados*' intricate steps a splendid vehicle that permits him to shine in the ladies' presence, just as he tries to outshine the men in rodeos. So a curious blend is evident in Rio Grande do Sul's rural dances between *zapateados* themselves (prevalent in the salons of southern Europe, mainly in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) and ballroom dancing (which did not conquer Paris until the nineteenth century, heralded by the waltz). In most South American rural regions ballroom dances, when they became popular, replaced *zapateados* immediately; here, however, early *zapateados* blended with newer dances. Such is the case, for example, with the *chimarrita-balão*, a difficult dance, as the accordion player himself announces:

<i>A chimarrita balão</i>	<i>Chimarrita-balão</i>
<i>Não é pra todos dançar:</i>	Is not for everyone:
<i>É pra quem tem o pé leve,</i>	Only for light feet
<i>Pra quem sabe sapatear!</i>	And those who know this tapping step.

Without losing a single beat, the men kneel first on one knee, then quickly change to the other, in what is popularly called a "scissors" step.

At one point on the program, when the gauchos from the River Plate and Rio Grande do Sul challenged each other, the performers from both groups exhibited remarkable skill as *zapateado* dancers through the *malambo*, from the River Plate, and the *chula*, from Rio Grande do Sul. In the *malambo* the gaucho does a certain *zapateado* to a given tune; then another gaucho must repeat the *zapateado* and immediately add a variation; the former must then repeat the variation and add his own; thus the dance goes on for hours on end, until one of the performers proves unable to imitate his competitor's variation or runs out of ideas. In the *chula* dancers must

tap from side to side and from one end to another along a nine-foot log placed on the floor, trying not to touch it; if they step on it they are penalized. In the Teatro São Pedro show, the Brazilian gauchos made the *chula* even more difficult: to one end of the log they tied a kerchief belonging to one of the prettiest El Pericón ladies. If a gaucho managed to pick up the kerchief without touching the log and without losing a single beat, he was rewarded by dancing a *ranchera* with the lovely visitor.

The show put on by the Centro ended with a *pau-de-fita*, a sort of Maypole dance that was prevalent throughout Latin America in the eighteenth century and can still be seen in the north of Argentina, central Venezuela, Mexico's eastern shore, and the south of Brazil. In some places only children do it; in others, only the men; in Rio Grande do Sul it is usually done by couples, although in ensemble it may also be done by men's groups only. The young Brazilians wove the ribbons in all kinds of movements, including the difficult "fisherman's net," which requires the utmost care from the dancers: if one makes a single mistake, the whole "net" is lost. In the last number, the Rio Grande do Sul gauchos braided green and yellow ribbons in an intricate "braid-of-eight" with the Brazilian colors, which was given to the River Plate gauchos as a symbol of friendship.

In the third and final act of the Folk Festival the Uruguayan gauchos brilliantly exhibited the most famous dance of the pampas, *el pericón*. One of the few folk dances common to Uruguay, Argentina, and Rio Grande do Sul, it is nothing more than an adaptation of the French quadrille. But around the River Plate it was enriched with so many new and colorful steps that it actually became a new dance, typical of the gauchos, who brought to it the choreographic detail of the kerchief so common in their "separated couple dances." Now the *pericón* is Uruguay's national dance, but this does not prevent its being danced with equal enthusiasm in Argentina and Rio Grande do Sul.

The *pericón* embodies all sorts of different steps, which can be developed or modified at will by the *bastonero*, *perico* (hence the dance's name), *marcante*—in short, the person who coordinates the steps, the leader. The step with which the Uruguayans wound up the three-hour Folk Festival is a genuine gaucho creation: the *pagellón*, or flag. Men and women wave kerchiefs with the colors of their country—blue and white—and everyone gathers around a circle crying, "*¡Viva la patria!*"

Brazilian writer Aires da Mata Machado was right when he wrote: "Folklore is not satisfied with precarious border definitions offered by changeable political geography. . . . A high science like any other, [it] aims at the knowledge of each people, of mankind, of man. It helps to understand the beauty of art, it serves as a basis for patriotism, brotherhood, tolerance; it can help humanity in its attempt to achieve peace among all peoples."

The pampa has no borderline; America has no borderline. That is the lesson we learned from the young people of the Centro and the Pericón. ♦ ♦ ♦

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 35



1. Pontoon bridge swings aside to admit ocean liners to Willemstad, capital of _____, Dutch colonial possession in the Caribbean. Fill in blank.

2. The horseman with lance in Lima bullring is a *matador*, *picador*, or *banderillero*?

3. Hotel del Prado swimming pool is tourist attraction on Colombia's northern coast. Is it in Buenaventura, Barranquilla, or Bucaramanga?

4. World's longest single-span suspension is Maryland's Chesapeake Bay Bridge, San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge, the Delaware Memorial Bridge, or New York's Bear Mountain Bridge?

5. Silhouette of country that is the leading diamond producer in the Hemisphere. Can you identify it?

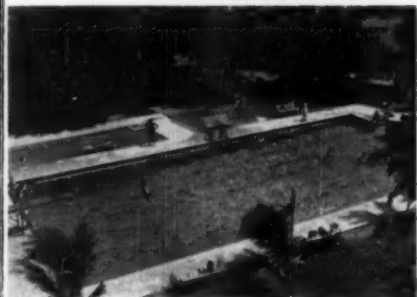
6. This Cuban ballerina is one of the world's most talented. Do you know her name?

7. The lightweight wood that interests the young lady on the Guayaquil waterfront is one of Ecuador's chief exports. Would it be balsa, palm, oak, or birch?

8. Modern bookstore in Brazil's oldest publishing center. Is it in Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Porto Alegre, or Manaus?

9. These two swordfish were just part of the day's catch off Tocopilla, South American game fishing center. What country is it in?

10. More than twice as high as the Empire State Building, Venezuela's Angel Falls is world's highest waterfall. Is it closer to 5,600; 3,200; 1,500; or 650 feet?



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

PAN AMERICANIST EXTRAORDINARY

Dear Sirs:

When the 1953 school year comes to a close, it will mark the end of the public-school career of one of the leading educators of our time, Dr. Henry E. Hein, principal of the James Monroe High School in New York City since 1925, who will long be remembered for his contributions to the cause of inter-American cooperation. Considering it appropriate that a school named after James Monroe should place emphasis on Hemisphere solidarity, he collected materials from all available sources so that the student body might become better acquainted with the other American countries.

His school earned the nickname of the Pan American High School, and he sparked the establishment of the first high-school Pan American Club in New York, as well as similar clubs in other cities—including one in Guayaquil, Ecuador.

Twenty-five years ago Dr. Hein urged that teachers of social studies and Spanish be required to have an adequate knowledge of Latin America. He sought to reduce somewhat the overwhelming emphasis on European culture in our curricula and give higher status to the culture of the Americas.

In 1940 Dr. Hein was appointed to head all Pan American activities in the New York City public-school system. A committee working with him succeeded in extending the Pan American program into the elementary and junior-high schools, and, through regular bulletins and reports, showed how to include inter-American affairs in the curriculum.

Dr. Hein realized that a teacher who travels intelligently comes back with an enlivened imagination and a stock of good will that she invariably passes on to her students. He envisioned a university abroad to which hundreds of United States teachers would flock, and found it in the University of Havana, which established special summer courses for U.S. teachers. These courses are recognized by the New York State Board of Regents, and two tuition scholarships are offered each summer.

Dr. Hein repeatedly emphasized the part Spanish teachers could play in getting the peoples of the Americas better acquainted with each other, and he stressed the possibilities of building a more international outlook in the younger children.

While Dr. Hein would be the first to admit that he has so far accomplished only a fragment of the task he set for himself, the Pan American Clubs on two continents stand as a perpetual monument to his zeal and imagination. This is not to say that he will sever his Pan American ties upon retirement. On the contrary, the strength of his convictions leads us to believe that his energies and unrivaled experience will now be devoted more than ever to the furtherance of an avocation that may yet prove to be his real vocation.

Belmira N. Miranda and Mary K. Berlin
The High School of Commerce
New York, N.Y.

FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

Dear Sirs:

May I take advantage of your pages to tell readers that I should like to correspond with stamp collectors anywhere in the world? I prefer letters in Spanish, but can manage ones in English or French also. Many thanks.

María del Pilar Flores
Jorge Juan 21
Madrid, Spain

HOLES IN THE MAIL BAG?

Dear Sirs:

I am interested in acquiring cultured pen pals, with whom I can correspond in Spanish or, preferably, English. I would appreciate it if you would ask those whose names and addresses are printed in your "Mail Bag" section to be more specific about their interests and hobbies and, what is more important, to indi-

cate their approximate age and their marital status.

As it is now, if one writes to somebody on the list, the answer is apt to come from a child or from someone quite old. I am a young girl, and would naturally like to have correspondents more or less the same age. I think your readers should also be asked to consider the matter carefully before sending their names to the Mail Bag, and to be punctual once the letters start coming in.

I am happy to say that I have already made several good friendships through other U.S. magazines and one through AMERICAS.

Isabel Douzet L.
San Francisco de Limache, Chile

Because of the large number of requests we receive for listings in this department, space limitations unfortunately make it impossible to include all the details reader Douzet requests. However, we hope she will continue to make friends through the magazine.

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service should specify whether they want letters in English, Spanish, Portuguese, or French. Where a language preference has been expressed it is indicated below by an initial after the name.

Walter H. Cobbs (S, E)	Richard L. Wright (E, F)
Kerfoot Hotel Building	84, Rue Jean-Jaurès
El Reno, Oklahoma	Saint-Nazaire, France

Lydia S. Levitt (E)	Roy J. Erickson (E)
605 East 169th Street	217 Elm Street
Bronx 56, New York	Oil City, Pa., U.S.A.

Elma Thompson	Gerónimo J. Calvento (E, S)
125 Tenth Street	Paso 736, 2° Piso, Depto. L
Barataria, Trinidad, B.W.I.	Buenos Aires 23, Argentina

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| 8 | Courtesy National Bank of Costa Rica (2)—Scott Seegers (2) |
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| Inside back cover | Max W. Huan |

Opposite: Cuban sugar harvesters bring in island's number one crop



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